

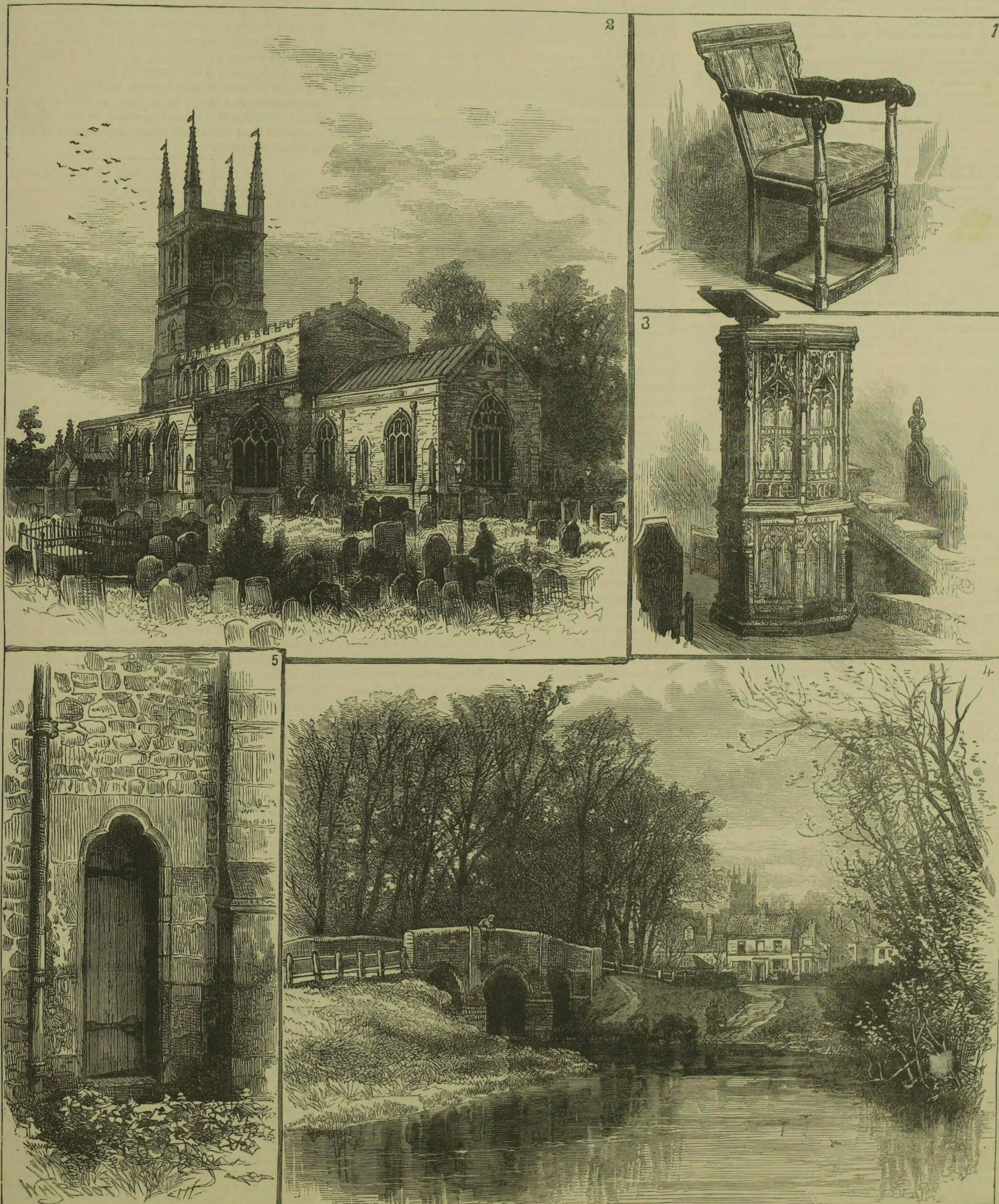
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2353.—VOL. LXXXIV.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6¹/₂d.



1. Wycliff's Chair.

2. Lutterworth Church.

3. Wycliff's Pulpit.

4. Lutterworth and River Swift.

5. Door by which Wycliff's remains were carried to the river.

THE WYCLIFF QUINCENTENARY.

BIRTHS.

On the 18th inst., at 108, Marina, St. Leonards, the wife of John E. H. Peyton, Esq., of a son.
On the 17th inst., at Carton, Lady Alice Fitzgerald, of a daughter.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 31.

SUNDAY, MAY 25.
Sunday after Ascension.
Princess Christian born, 1846.
Morning Lessons: Deut. xxx.
John ix. 1-30. Evening Lessons:
Deut. xxxiv. or Joshua i., Philomom.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.;
3.15 p.m. Rev. Canon H. Scott
Holland; 7 p.m., F. Hall.
Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. Rev.
S. Flood Jones, the Precentor;
3 p.m., Rev. Canon Prothero;
7 p.m., the Dean, Dr. Bradley.
St. James's, noon.
Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. W. F.
Erskine Knollys; 3 p.m., Rev.
G. H. Curteis, Boyle Lecture IV.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White,
the Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. Pro-
fessor Monnier.

MONDAY, MAY 26.
Geographical Society, anniversary,
2.30 p.m.; dinner, at Willis's
Rooms, 7 p.m.
Surveyors' Institution, 8 p.m.
House of Commons adjourned to
June 5.
Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture,
8 p.m., Professor W. N. Hartley on
Fermentation and Distillation.

TUESDAY, MAY 27.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor
Gamgee on the Physiology of
Nerve and Muscle.
Horticultural Society, 11 a.m.
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.
Epsom and Wednesday Races.
Children's Convalescent Seaside
Homes, meeting at the Mansion
House, 3 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28.
Geological Society, 8 p.m.
Philharmonic Society, 8 p.m.
Royal Society of Literature, 8 p.m.
Hede Lecture, Cambridge, Mr. F.
Galton on the Measurement of
Human Faculty.
Botanic Society, 3.30 p.m.

EPSON RACES, MAY 27, 28, 29, and 30.
LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE EPSON DOWNS STATION
(on the Racecourse) is from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington (Addison-
road), and Clapham Junction.

EPSON DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient
Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially
prepared for the Epsom-Race Traffic, and additional First-Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms,
elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS and CHEAP
TRAINS between the above Stations on all Four Days of the Races; also
EXTRA FIRST-CLASS SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS on the "Derby" and
"Oaks" days.

EPSON TOWN STATION.—EXPRESS and CHEAP
TRAINS to Epsom Town Station will also run as required from London Bridge,
Victoria, Kensington, and Clapham Junction. The Express and Cheap Tickets issued
to Epsom Downs will be available to return from Epsom Town Station.
Note.—Tickets taken by the South-Western Company's Route to Epsom are not
available to return by the Brighton Company's Direct Route from the Epsom Downs
Station on the Race-course.

For further particulars, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and
Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices,
24, Abchurch-lane, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; also at
their City Offices, Hag's Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate-circus, where tickets
may also be obtained.

The West-End Offices will remain open until Ten p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, and
Thursday, May 26, 27, and 28.

(By order)

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SHAKSPEREAN SHOW,

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, MAY 29, 30, 31. The
object is to raise £5000 to pay off a mortgage which burdens the

CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN.

"Beseech you, tenderly apply to her some remedies for life."—"Winter's Tale."

The Bazaar has received the patronage and approval of
H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.
H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.
H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH.
H.R. and H. the DUCHESSES OF
EDINBURGH.
H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The name of the Bard of Avon has been adopted as the text-word of the whole
event, and an endeavour will be made to give the Show a value beyond its own object,
by affording an instructive insight into the artistic beauties of Shakspeare.

THE SHOW will in the main CONSIST of SCENIC
ILLUSTRATIONS of the PLAYS of SHAKSPERE. The Casket containing the
Stalls or Scenes, which are 16 ft. long, painted in oils, has been designed by Alfred
Dartshire, F.R.I.B.A.

SHAKSPEREAN CHARACTERS by some 200 Ladies and
Gentlemen in correct

SHAKSPEREAN COSTUMES, including among the Stall
holders:—The Lady Brooke, the Lady Alfred Churchill, Lady Widdington, Mrs.
Frederick Cox and Lady Auckland, Mrs. Craigie, and the Princess Helen Rindner
Singh, Mrs. Graham and Lady Fordyce, Mrs. Molesworth, Lady Duke, the Baroness
Von Bissing, Mrs. Aveling, Mrs. Edis, Mrs. Fancourt Barnes, Miss Hornsby, Mrs. J. S.
Wood, &c.

SHAKSPEREAN TABLEAUX. By Miss Cowen;
arranged by Mr. Phil Morris, R.A., Mr. John O'Connor, and Mr. L. J. Cowen.
Characters by Mrs. Phil Morris, Mr. Arthur Levy, Mrs. Weblyn, Miss Agnes
Matfield, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Walter Weblyn.

SHAKSPEREAN CONCERTS. Under the Direction of
Mr. Fred. H. Cowen.

SHAKSPEREAN DRAMATIC RECITALS, under the
Direction of Mr. Frederic Cox and Mr. B. C. Stephenson.

SHAKSPEREAN RELICS ON EXHIBITION, under the
Direction of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, M.A., and Mr. J. W. Jarvis.

AS to the GOODS to be BOUGHT and SOLD at the
BAZAAR, may the occasion better the words of Antiphras, and "May they
bring you would buy first, as if the trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a ten-
fold benediction on the buyer."

HOLDERS of TICKETS, purchased before the Show,
will have the advantage of Earlier Admission at Special Entrances. Season
Ticket (admitting any day and time, and transferable), 21s.; First Day Ticket, 10s.;
Second Day, 5s.; Third Day, 2s. 6d.; now ready. These may be had, together with a
description of the Show and the Show Book, list of patrons, plays, and characters, &c.,
upon application to Mr. J. S. Wood, Chelsea Hospital for Women, Fulham-road, S.W.;
or from any of the following Agents:—Mr. Mitchell, 31, Old Bond-street, W.; Mr.
R. W. Oliver, 38, Old Bond-street, W.; Mr. Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings,
E.C.; Messrs. Keith, Prose, and Co., 48, Cheapside, E.C.; Book-stall—Langham
Hotel, 4, First Avenue Hotel-buildings; 1, Princes-buildings, Coventry-street; 13,
Grand Hotel-buildings; 2, Army and Navy Hotel-buildings, Victoria-street, S.W.

"Perchance you wonder at this show, but wonder on till truth makes all things
plain."—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, Monday, May 26,
THOROUGH CHANGE OF PROGRAMME AT THE

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS, NEW AND ACCOMPLISHED SINGERS,
NEW AND SCREAMING BURLESQUE SKETCH.
Rendering the present entertainment the most brilliant and attractive in London.

Mr. EDGAR WILSON (the new Baritone), and of
Mr. DORNAN (Basso profundo).
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and
SATURDAY, AT THREE AND EIGHT.

No fees of any kind.
Omnibuses run direct to St. James's Hall from the International Health Exhibition.

UNDER the immediate Patronage of her Grace the
Duchess of Wellington.—Mr. OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT,
MONDAY, MAY 26, at the PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly. Vocalists: Mesdames
Leblanc, Zimerli, Sanderlini, Signor de Monaco, Mr. Robert Grice. Instrumentalists:
Messrs. Henkel, Albert, and Oberthur. Conductors, Messrs. W. Ganz and G. Gear.
Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d.; to be had at the Prince's Hall, or of Mr. Oberthur,
11, Talbot-road, Westbourne Park, W.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER

COLOURS, PICCADILLY, W.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW

OPEN, from Nine a.m. to Six p.m.

ADMISSION, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. Season
Tickets, 5s. ALFRED EVERILL, Sec.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY,
35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This
great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CISERT'S Picture
of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GAL-
LIERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER
COLOURS. The One Hundredth and First Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, PALL
MALL EAST, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.
Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—FAIRLY PUZZLED. A New
First Part, written by Oliver Brand, Music by Hamilton Clarke; after which an entirely
New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding
with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed; Music by Corney
Grain.—MORNING PERFORMANCES every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at
Three; EVENINGS, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and
2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open Ten to Six. No charge for Booking.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place.

DRURY LANE.—Commencing SATURDAY, MAY 31.
MORNING PERFORMANCE, WHITE MONDAY, at Three. Every
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY following at Three p.m. (Augustus Harris, Lessee
and Manager. The Haverly Season under the management, of Wm. Foots.)
First appearance in London in four years.

HAVERLY'S AMERICAN-EUROPEAN MASTODON
MINSTRELS.—The largest congregation of eminent Dramatic, Musical, and
Operatic Minstrels ever organised. Not purely an American affair, but a vast collection
of Vocal and Comic Celebrities from all English-speaking parts of the World. The
Leading Lights of all the Best Minstrel Troupes from the four quarters of the Earth
concentrated, and WILL APPEAR at DRURY LANE, SATURDAY, MAY 31, under
the personal supervision of "HAVERLY HIMSELF."

Popular Prices of Admission, from Sixpence upwards. No Fees.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.
EVERY EVENING, until further notice, will be performed, at 8.15, a New Play
in a prologue and three acts, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr,
entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of
that name. Mr. Kylie Belley, Mr. H. Beerbolun Tree, Mr. H. J. Lethcourt, Mr. Frank
Rodney, Mr. L. S. Dewar, Mr. R. de Cordova, Mr. S. Caffray, Mr. Ashman, Mr.
Hargrave, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Vandeleur, and Mr. G. W. Anson, Miss
Lingard, Miss Tibbary, Miss Caroline Parkes, Miss Aylward. New scenery by Messrs.
Bruce Smith, W. Perkins, and W. B. Spang. Costumes by Harrison. Doors open
7.30, overture 8. Carriages, 11. No Fees. Box-Office open daily from 11 to 6. Seats
may be booked a month in advance.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager,

Mr. HENRY IRVING.

Mr. Henry Irving begs respectfully to announce that on SATURDAY EVENING,
MAY 31, and on the following Evenings, at Eight o'clock, will be presented by the
Lyceum Company, Shakspeare's Comedy MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benedick,
Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) now
open.—Lyceum.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

St. Petersburg, which was last spring left out in the cold
during the gorgeous fêtes at Moscow in honour of the
coronation of the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias,
has this week enjoyed special festivities. On Sunday last
the coming of age of the Czarewitch was celebrated
throughout the Empire, particularly in the capital. The
Hereditary Grand Duke, who may one day become the
Czar Nicholas II., is a stripling of sixteen summers, small
of stature, but with the brightness and intelligence of his
august Danish mother. In the church of the Winter
Palace, and in the presence of his Imperial parents and of
all the high officers of state, the Czarewitch took the oath
of allegiance to the Czar, and subsequently went through
the same formula to signify his adherence to the national
flag; a salvo of three hundred guns announcing the event
to the outside world. The Grand Duke having now attained
his majority, the provisional regency becomes void, and if
a vacancy were to occur, he would at once ascend the
throne. A lavish distribution of decorations, promotions,
and Imperial gifts among the higher circles, and a
people's fête in the Champ de Mars, with illuminations
at night, gave marked significance to the traditional
ceremony. So far as is known, the grim spectre of
Nihilism did not disturb the national festivities, though
there is too much reason to fear that it has not been laid,
but is only biding its opportunity. But Alexander III.,
if not a reforming Sovereign, is as little likely as any Con-
tinental Potentate to disturb the peace of Europe.
Nevertheless, he seems quite unable to resist the aggres-
sive tendencies of his military satraps in Central Asia,
who have pushed the boundaries of the Empire to the
very confines of Afghanistan.

The results of the signal success of the French Cabinet
in extorting from China the Treaty of Tien-Tsin, which will
enable it to found a great empire in Eastern Asia, will
not be limited to domestic politics. France is once more
beginning to assert herself as one of the Great Powers of
Europe. To the proposal of our Government for limiting
the Egyptian Conference to financial affairs she has uttered
a *non possumus*, which Lord Granville has not as yet
succeeded in overcoming. Whether her Majesty's
Ministers will consent to make special concessions to
France, or recognise the control of all the Great Powers,
or insist on exclusive British supremacy in the Valley of the
Nile, is at present only matter for conjecture. If experi-
ence is to be accepted as a teacher, dual or multiple con-
trol involves jealousy, confusion, and misgovernment. If
our Government cannot secure the unanimous consent of
Europe to modify the Law of Liquidation, they must be
prepared to look the alternative boldly in the face. An
abortive Conference means that England must undertake,
for a time at least, the direct rule of bankrupt Egypt, or
allow the country to lapse into utter anarchy.

France is also making her influence felt in connection
with the exploitation of the Congo. The provisional
treaty between Portugal and England relative to the vast
regions watered by that magnificent river is denounced
by our merchants and traders, condemned by the Govern-

ments of France and Germany, and has not been ratified
by either of the contracting Powers. There was ground
for hope that the difficulties which were impending in
this part of Africa, owing to the rivalries of European
nations, would be overcome by the creation of the Inter-
national Association of the Congo; an agency established
under the auspices of the King of the Belgians for philan-
thropic and commercial purposes. By the efforts of Mr.
Stanley and others, the Association has acquired shadowy
rights over certain territories in the basin of the Congo,
and is expecting to secure others for hundreds of miles
inland, which were, we were told, to be held in trust for
the benefit of the civilised world, and to be free from all
customs duties. In view of these benevolent objects, the
United States Government have been induced to recognise
the flag of the Association. France also undertakes to
respect its rights and stations on the Congo, but on the
extraordinary condition that, should circumstances compel
the Association to abandon its possessions, the Republic
shall, in the first instance, have the option of purchasing
them. By this arrangement the International Association
becomes simply the catspaw of French ambition; and, as
it has been said, the contracting parties mutually agree to
exchange things which belong to neither of them. Eng-
land and America, if not Germany, will have something to
say to an illusory compact which pretends to dispose of
vast regions, and to set up in them a French monopoly
which would not be less injurious to the interests of
commerce than the dog-in-the-manger policy of Portugal
in Western Africa.

The news from the other side of the "Dark Con-
tinent," though somewhat vague, is serious enough. It
is stated on authority that several messengers have been
dispatched with a view to open communications with
General Gordon, who, according to recent reports, had
made several successful sorties, and was fortifying Khar-
toun. Between the great desert and Berber, where
Khalifa Pasha and his garrison still hold out, the emis-
saries of the Mahdi have been received with open arms by
the Arabs and their sheikhs, and the Governor of Dongola
is believed to have come to terms with the Mahdi. That
Mr. Gladstone is faithfully fulfilling his pledge in reference
to our illustrious representative at Khartoum is indicated
by the statement that, when the scorching heat subsides,
Lord Wolseley is to take command of a relief expedition
of 10,000 men, of all arms, from Souakim to Berber,
which will, if necessary, advance to Khartoum to rescue
General Gordon and check the progress of the Mahdi,
who is now threatening Upper Egypt.

On Monday night Mr. Chamberlain found his long-
desired opportunity of moving the second reading of his
amended Shipping Bill, which he expounded in a speech
extending over three hours and three quarters—a feat
never surpassed since the far-off days when Lord
Palmerston occupied more than five hours in the cele-
brated Don Pacifico case. The President of the Board of
Trade has greatly modified and simplified his bill, with a
view to meet the objections of shipowners, and to make it
their interest to secure the safety of their vessels. But he
has not altered his view of the facts that make legislation
urgent. During last year, according to his statement,
3304 lives were lost at sea—one in sixty-six of the whole of
the seamen employed; or, taking the last twelve years,
36,000 men and boys employed in the shipping service
have suffered violent deaths. Much of this loss of life, Mr.
Chamberlain contends, was preventable, and has been
due to overloading, under-manning, and over-insurance.
Though in the subsequent discussion his particular remedy
was objected to, it was admitted that a case had been
made out for legislation. The right hon. gentleman has
pared down his bill, but without result. It will not again
be heard of this Session; the sole condition of pushing it
forward with any prospect of success being the co-
operation of the shipping interest, which is likely to be
withheld.

In the course of his elaborate speech Mr. Chamberlain
made pointed reference to the meritorious services of the
Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Whatever doubt
may be cast upon his statistics, no one is found to challenge
those of this excellent society, which not only enjoys the
special patronage of the Prince of Wales, but appeals directly
to the national instincts and feelings of Englishmen.
The coast is studded with its life-boats and life-preserving
apparatus, which are turned to use in the stormiest
weather and often at greatest risk to the gallant men who
breast the heavy seas that break upon our shores. We
learn from the sixtieth annual report of this noble charity
that during the past twelve months nearly 1000 lives were
saved and thirty vessels rescued from shipwreck by its
agency. As our mercantile marine increases, so also,
as Mr. Chamberlain has shown, does the loss of life at
sea, and so also the Life-Boat Institution becomes
all the more indispensable. With its funds—wholly
dependent on voluntary subscriptions—it has to maintain
in efficiency, always ready for service, 274 life-boats,
which are far from sufficing for our vast coast line; to
reward the gallant crews that man them by medals and
claps; and to make grants to the widows and orphans
of those who perish—and they, alas! are not a few—in
attempting to rescue others from a watery grave. An
addition to the resources of the Institution of £10,000 a
year would largely multiply the means of saving life in the
direst extremity. In this benevolent work the public,
"sitting at home at ease," can save life by proxy, and
at the smallest personal sacrifice.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

It was the opinion of the American cynic that if the millennial time ever did arrive for the lion to lie down with the lamb it would be *outside* the lamb that the King of Beasts would assume a recumbent position. Now the Lord Mayor of London is undeniably the Lion of the City in general, and of the Mansion House in particular. He is a Conservative lion, too, and can roar upon occasion lustily against those children of Belial who would disestablish the Court of Aldermen, smite Gog and Magog hip and thigh, and lay sacrilegious hands on the Sword Bearer's Young Man. Yet on Saturday, the 17th inst., did the Right Hon. Alderman Fowler hospitably and sumptuously entertain in the Egyptian Hall at a banquet held in honour of Sir Arthur Otway, Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons, more than a hundred and sixty Liberal "lambs," the great majority of whom were members of Parliament. There was a sprinkling, too, of very meek and lamblike journalists; and neither the Lord Mayor, nor Sir John Monckton, Town Clerk, Coroner *pro tem.*, and stanch Conservative, manifested the slightest craving to eat up the guests.

It was a most joyous and hilarious meeting; and the Loving Cup went, after dinner, gaily round. To the general joy, beyond the felicitous utterances of the Lord Mayor in proposing Sir Arthur Otway's health, Sir Arthur's modest and eloquent speech in reply, and the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen's proposal of the health of the Chief Magistrate of the City, there was no speech-making. But there was plenty of merry talk; and the perfume of Gutierrez and Partagas, of Murias, and Villars y Villars, was balmy in the land.

"The lion, lord of everie beast in fiell,"
Quoth she, "his princelie puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetful of the hungrie rage did late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate."

Thus, Una. And thus the leonine Lord Mayor to the Liberal "lambs."

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, addressing the Commons on the Merchant Shipping Bill, spoke for about four hours without taking so much as a drink of water. But the water (cold) has now been supplied by the *St. James's Gazette*, which, in a leading article on the Chamberlain oration, observes that, "more than two hundred years ago, Colbert, the great Minister of 'le Grand Monarque,' determined to make an effort to save life at sea by limiting and restricting the free exercise of Marine Insurance. Colbert succeeded in his object, but only by means of abolishing the French Mercantile Marine."

Since the *St. James's* has gone back a couple of centuries, it may be permissible for the Distressed Compiler to point out what was thought on the subject of Marine Insurance by a writer in a Conservative periodical a little less than fifty years ago. I read in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for October, 1835:—

So ardent is the spirit of opposition to all reform in the construction of merchant shipping that Mr. Ballingal, a person who has made this subject his study, tells us, upon the best authority, that when a model of an improved merchant vessel, built by Admiral Shank, was sent to the Naval Museum at Somerset House, it was bought up, and either destroyed or sent out of the country as being not only inimical, but destructive to the mercantile and underwriting interests. . . . When, a few years ago, models of a superior construction of merchant vessels were offered to be exhibited, free of all expense, to the committee at Lloyd's, that committee declined even to look at them. . . . But it is to the Government that the nation has a right to look for a remedy to this crying evil—this sin of many fearful contingencies. From the faulty construction of merchant craft we lose at least a thousand good sailors yearly—men who would be always ready and willing to fight our battles.

What a shamefully abused race the shipowners and the underwriters have always been, to be sure! I have a suspicion that the Marine Insurance article from which I have quoted was written by Captain Marryat. His novel "Japhet in Search of a Father," was running, at the time, in the *Metropolitan*.

A correspondent, "J. P.," sends me from Calcutta a very long, ghastly, and interesting communication on the subject of cremation. To his letter (for which many thanks) he appends a schedule of charges for cremation as posted at Nim Tollah Ghat, Calcutta. "For adults, rs 3; as 7; p 0. For minors under ten, rs 1; as 11; ps 6. Then comes the list of articles used in cremation. Soundry wood, five maunds; Dhumohyas, eight bundles; Pankally, six sears; Ghee, one chattaek; sandal wood, one chattaek—hold! enough. Stay; the officiating Brahmin is decidedly cheap at five annas and a fraction.

The master of an industrial school in Scotland and several lady correspondents have written to me good-naturedly questioning the accuracy of an expression used in this page last week:—"I never 'name names' *without* I have the distinct permission to do so." My correspondents seem to be of opinion that "*without*" may be used as a preposition and an adverb, but not as a conjunction. My Scottish correspondent says that "*without*," in the sense in which I used it, is "a pure Scotticism," and wonders how it wandered into "the land of Cockaigne." But it has been in that land, "douce" Sir, or at least in that of the Sassenach, for some hundreds of years. I freely grant that as I now read the expression "*without* I have" has a somewhat uncouth look; and how "*without* I have" got into my hand while I was writing I am sure that I cannot tell; but I am slightly consoled when I read in Sir Philip Sidney—

I find my love shall be proved no love *without* I leave to love, being being too unfit a vessel in whom so high thoughts should be engraved. . . . You will never live to my age *without* you keep yourself in health with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness.

And then, again, I have a consolation in Shakspeare, "He may stay him; marry not *without* the Prince be willing." To be sure, it is only Dogberry who is speaking. But I will go read the "Homilectic Cyclopædia." "*Without*," as I used it, has something to do, I fancy, with the touch of the vanished hand of some musty theological writer of the seventeenth century.

According to Dr. Johnson, "*without*," in the sense of

"except," "unless," "if not," may be used in conversation, but not in writing. But there are modern writers who prefer old English to the Johnsonian form of speech.

"T. H." (Devonport) wishes to know the meaning of the expression, "Bullet in mouth." The expression occurs in Motley's "History of the War in the Netherlands," in which the writer speaks of the garrison of a town which has capitulated, marching out with the honours of war: "drums beating, colours flying, and bullet in mouth." Will some military correspondent oblige with an explanation. I am unable to give one.

Meanwhile I have, on my own account, a little query to put to classical scholars and to archaeologists. It is with reference to a picture by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.—be not afraid, my esteemed colleague, I have no intention of criticising the work—in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This picture is styled, in the catalogue, "Diadumène." Who was "Diadumène"? In the engraved "Musée Napoléon" I note a plate representing Jupiter sitting on a pedestal, between Juno and Venus; and on the pedestal itself is the inscription, DIADUMVNI; and the editor, M. Schweighaeuser, adds that it was the opinion of Visconti that the word was the name of the sculptor. The surname Diadumenus (obviously of Greek origin) was not uncommon in Rome; but is there any instance of its being converted into a feminine surname?

Mem.: A son of the Emperor Macrinus was called "Diadumenus," or Diadumenianus, because "he came into the world with a kind of diadem round his head." This I find in an extremely curious and erudite French work, entitled "Essai Historique sur les Noms Propres;" but it is without a titlepage, and I do not know who wrote it, nor when it was published. Dr. William Smith makes no allusion to the diadem story; but he cites Lampridius as having celebrated the surpassing beauty of the child; and he has a woodcut of a coin of Diadumenus, in which he is represented as not by any means good-looking. There are those who explain the "diadem" story by the surmise that Diadumenus was so named for the reason that he was "born with a caul." Mr. Poynter's "Diadumène" has sadly puzzled me.

Again the Queen's Regulations. A military correspondent sends me from this remarkable code a cutting touching "Movements of troops by land." I read: "A quiet horse should be selected to go in first" (to a railway truck), "followed by No. 1 of the front of each section, and then his *rear rank man*. Should the horse be very restive, backing him in will generally succeed." Is the "*rear rank man*" a horse, or a dragoon?

To Miss "M. M. H."—(aged ten): Malmesbury.

Respected Madam,

In your esteemed favour of the eighth inst., you kindly inform me there are two names in history which you very much love, and that one is Admiral de Coligny and the other Kosciusko. You are anxious to learn whether there is any monument to Kosciusko in Poland, or anywhere else. As at present advised, I am only able to inform you that Kosciusko died in Switzerland, and that he was buried at Cracow, in Austrian Poland, not in the beautiful Gothic Cathedral where are the tombs of St. Stanislas, Casimir the Great, Dombrowski, and Poniatowski; but, in accordance with the ancient Slavonian fashion, beneath a mound outside the city. The Austrians, finding that the mound commanded Cracow, coolly turned it into a fort. It had been raised by handfuls of earth contributed by pious pilgrims. There certainly should be a monument or monuments to the memory of Kosciusko in the United States; but where these may be I do not know. And I am,

Your humble servant,

THE DISTRESSED COMPILER.

P.S.—Permit me to compliment you on the symmetry of your handwriting. From your pothooks should be suspended vases full of sunshine; from your hangers should hang only festoons of fairest flowers.

And, dear me; I don't think that I knew much about Kosciusko (or Kosciuszko) when I was ten!

The statue of F. M. the Duke of Wellington, disestablished from its "bad eminence" on the summit of Decimus Burton's arch, but still cumbering the earth over against Apsley House, is a Ghost, which obstinately declines to be laid in the Red Sea. Most people thought that the question of the removal of the much-debated effigy to Aldershot had been finally settled by the House of Commons vote in Supply, following the debate in which Sir Robert Peel made his remarkable onslaught on Sir Frederick Leighton and the Royal Academy; but the horse and his rider were "up again," like a Jack-in-a-box, in the House of Lords on Tuesday, the 20th, when Lord Stratheden and Campbell, notwithstanding the opposition of Earl Granville, who held that the matter was already disposed of, moved that it was not desirable to remove the equestrian statue of the Duke from the metropolis until the public had an opportunity of judging the monument by which it was intended to replace Mr. Wyatt's group.

To this, Lord De Ros moved, as an amendment, that the House, being now possessed of fuller knowledge of the views and feelings of the late Duke of Wellington as regards the statue, was of opinion that it should not be removed from London. This amendment (Lord Stratheden and Campbell having withdrawn his resolution) was put as a substantive motion, and carried by sixty-six to forty-four votes. Asked by the Duke of Rutland what the Government intended to do under the circumstances, Lord Granville said he was not at liberty to state what steps would be taken; so that, as Lord Sudely put it, the matter is "relegated to a state of hopeless confusion."

In the course of a lengthy, desultory, but, to students of the Wellingtonian legend, interesting discussion, the right nail was emphatically hit on the head by Viscount Powerscourt, who incidentally remarked that "the country had advanced in the arts since the statue was erected." This is precisely the state of the case. Mr. Wyatt's Statue was modelled in an epoch of Bad Taste. It is an ugly statue; and we are slowly learning, in England, to understand the Beautiful. For all that, if it had not become absolutely

necessary to shift the position of Decimus Burton's Arch in order to relieve the congested circulation at Hyde Park corner, the horse and his rider might very well have been left undisturbed. Londoners had grown accustomed to the statue. The Americans rather admired it; and it was, after its kind, unique. It was only when the mass of bronze was dismounted from its airy pedestal that its many faults came under the keen eye of modern criticism. I wonder what the critics would think of Bird's alto-relievo of the Conversion of St. Paul, and the monstrous figures of that Apostle with St. Peter and St. James, were they brought to the ground and subjected to discriminative examination.

An honourable member asked the Marquis of Hartington, the other day in the Commons, whether, in view of the recent successful ballooning operations in Tonquin and the circumstance that the French Government were largely increasing their ballooning staff, it was the intention of her Majesty's Government to undertake, without delay, the formation of a balloon corps. Lord Hartington replied, in effect, that the subject had been, and still was, under the consideration of the Engineer department of the Army.

It happens that in the course of the Wellington Statue debate, already referred to, the Duke of Rutland told a story of the Hero of Waterloo which bore curiously on the subject of military ballooning. The Iron Duke and John Wilson Croker were once travelling together in a post-chaise, and they tried to beguile the tedium of the journey (why did they not play wayside cribbage?) by guessing at what might be on the other side of the hills which they ascended. It chanced that in this guess-work the Duke was always right and Mr. Croker (diplomatic Mr. Croker!) always wrong. Many years afterwards he recalled the circumstance of the journey to the memory of the Duke, who thereupon drily remarked: "The whole art of war consists in getting at what is on the other side of the hill, or, in other words, in learning what we do not know from what we do."

This seems, at the first blush, to be a very strong argument in favour of military ballooning. Engineer officers trained as aeronauts by Mr. Coxwell would be able to discover what was going on "on the other side of the hill." In warfare with a savage enemy balloons might be of some service in the way of exploration. But were our foe a civilised one, it stands to reason that he also would have his balloon corps, and would be able to find out what was going on on the other side of our hill, just as well as we could discover what there was on the other side of his hill. The French, proud of the fame of Montgolfier, have always been faithful to the cause of aerostation. Military balloons were used by them in the early Revolutionary wars—at Jemappes and Fleuries, if I remember aright. But they were soon given up. They were used, again, but without much practical effect, in the Italian campaign of Napoleon III. in 1859. They were once more essayed and abandoned on the Federal side at the beginning of the American Civil War.

Really good postal and passenger service was done by balloons in the Franco-German war. For the rest, I am inclined to hold with what Dr. Johnson said concerning aerostation a hundred years ago. "We now know a method of mounting into the air, and I think are not likely to know more. *The vehicles can serve no use until we can guide them.* . . . The first experiment, however, was bold, and deserved applause and reward. But since it has been performed and its event is known, I had rather now find a medicine that can ease asthma."

A lady, "C. J." (Snaresbrook), asks me if "Dr. Kitchiner's Cookery Book" is still to be met with. It is an affectionate remembrance of a recipe for "Mildred Dumplings" that leads her to ask the question. I have much pleasure in informing "C. J." that "The Cook's Oracle," by William Kitchiner, M.D. (I remember somebody writing to me once to deny that W. K. was a Doctor of Medicine, but he so styles himself on his own title-page), is not by any means a scarce book. But I cannot find any entry of "Mildred Dumplings" in the index to "The Cook's Oracle." I am aware of (not in Dr. Kitchiner) a "Middleton" pudding—an "arrangement" in batter, spiced, boiled in a cloth, and served (O! horror) with a wine-sauce.

The "Grand Battalia pie" mentioned in "Venetia" has had, it would seem, many and strange rivals. I am asked, by a correspondent at Durham, whether I ever met with a Northumbrian dish called "Gumboshoo." My correspondent is not quite certain whether this be the correct spelling of the word, as it is nearly forty years since his mother, a Northumbrian, treated her family to "gumboshoo." The staple of the *plat* was of a vegetable nature.

Closely following on the disappearance from the world's stage of that occult diplomatist and mysterious cosmopolitan the Chevalier Wikoff, comes the sad news of the death, at Pegli, on the Riviera, of Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York. He was seventy-one years of age, and had been for some time past in failing health. To me and mine the intelligence of the death of our old and dear friend is inexpressibly painful. He was a man for a hundred reasons to be warmly admired; but he was, above all, a man to be loved. A scholar, a wit, a humourist, a raconteur of the first class; a keen politician, a busy financier; to be all these were among the attributes of "Sam Ward"; but it is as the warm-hearted, hospitable, kindly, gentle, self-sacrificing friend that I love best to think of him. I knew him ever since I first went to the United States, more than twenty years ago; and never since was there a surcease in our affectionate intercourse; although I sometimes reproach myself with having, when he was in New York and I was in Europe, sent him too many friends with letters of introduction. But my drafts on the bank of his friendship were always honoured, and splendidly honoured. In both hemispheres the death of this most gifted, winning, amiable and charitable gentleman will be deeply mourned; and a host of tributes far more eloquent, but I am sure not more sincere, than I can render to him, will be paid to the memory of dear old "Uncle Sam." G. A. S.



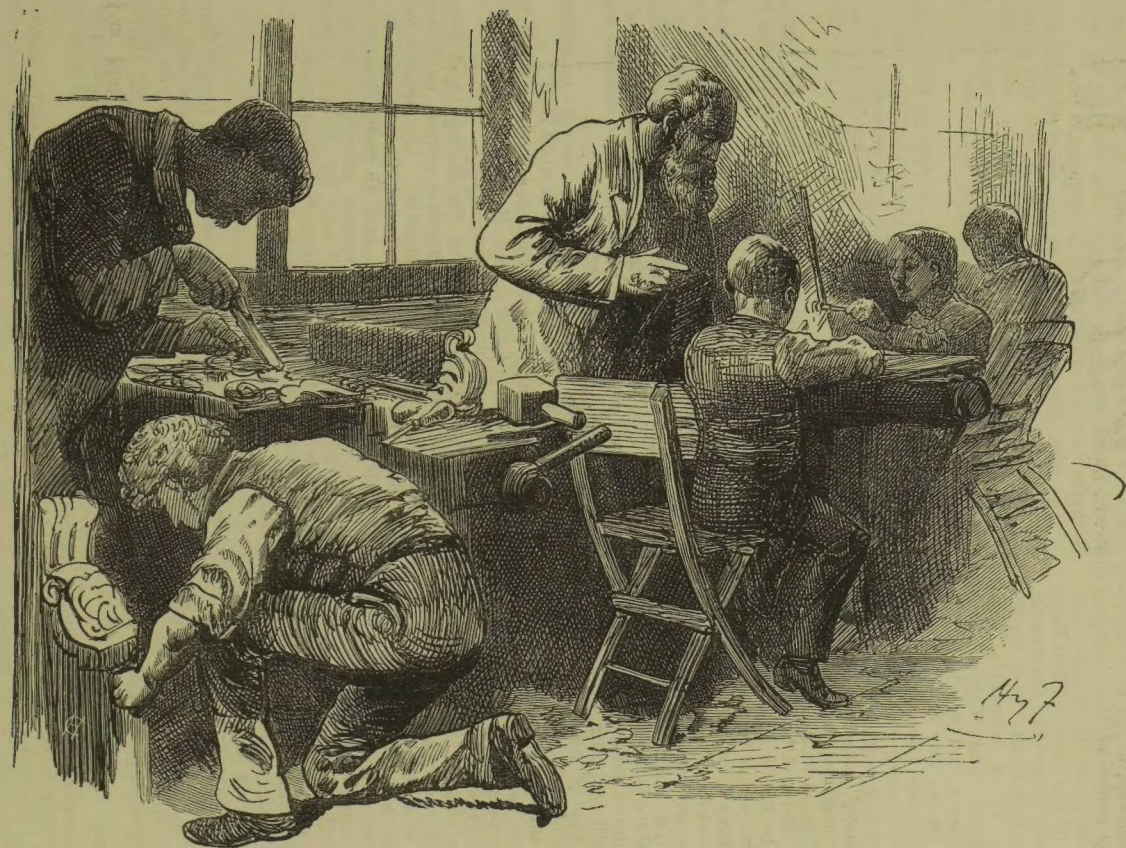
WITH THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION: SCRAPS FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK ABROAD.

The second report of the Royal Commissioners appointed three years ago to inquire into the nature of the technical instruction given in foreign countries, and its influence upon their industries, has just been published. The appointment of such a Commission was an acknowledgment of the importance of a subject upon which serious, though often rather vague, apprehension has long been felt. The conclusions at which the Commissioners have arrived will probably reassure some uneasy minds; but the facts which are now authoritatively established are worthy of being examined, and should have the effect of stimulating and guiding further effort at home in view of the steadily increasing competition with which our English manufacturers and merchants now have to contend.

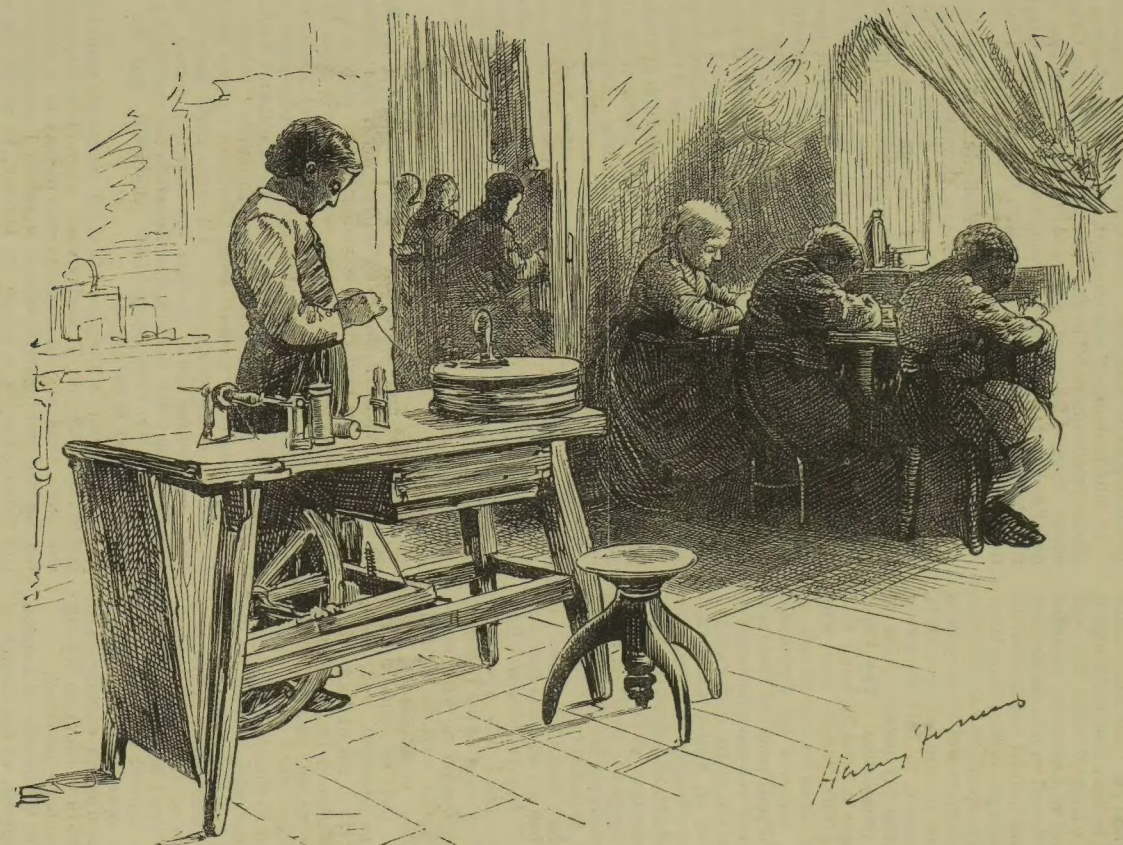
No parts of this Report will be read with more lively interest than those which describe their visits of inquiry

to the Tyrol and the Black Forest. We have the more satisfaction in calling attention to this branch of the inquiry because the Commissioners were accompanied by our Special Artist, whose sketches accompanying this notice illustrate with much clearness the text of the Report. The Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden has always been conspicuous for educational zeal. It was among the earliest to establish a system of compulsory teaching, and its primary schools to-day are excellent. In them the girls are taught straw-plaiting as well as needlework, and the visitor to the Black Forest cannot have failed to observe the universal way in which females of all ages so employ their fingers as they walk or stand about the roads. Clock-making, which has been so long and so extensively a cottage industry, has suffered much of late by competition with the cheap and

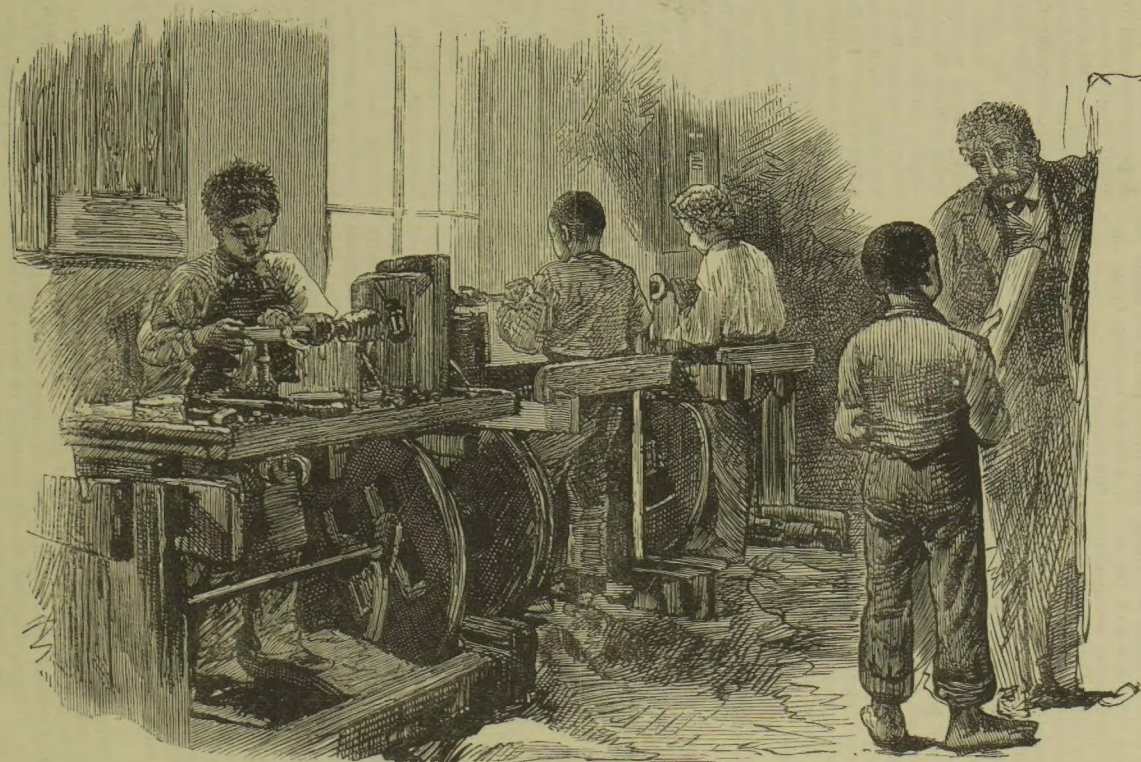
excellent machine-made clocks of America. But at Furtwangen a school exists in which the students, who have been engaged previously at least two years in practical clock-making, are taught the theory and improved methods of their trade. Another school in the same village, and one at Hornberg, teach wood-carving. Throughout Wurtemberg and Bavaria, these and such other simple industries as basket-making are stimulated and improved by the special schools which have been established with State aid, but which are generally managed by local committees. A thrifty and industrious people are thus enabled to supplement their agricultural earnings by profitably employing their evening and winter leisure. But it is everywhere seen that as soon as a local industry becomes sufficiently important, factories are established in which the individual is absorbed and generally



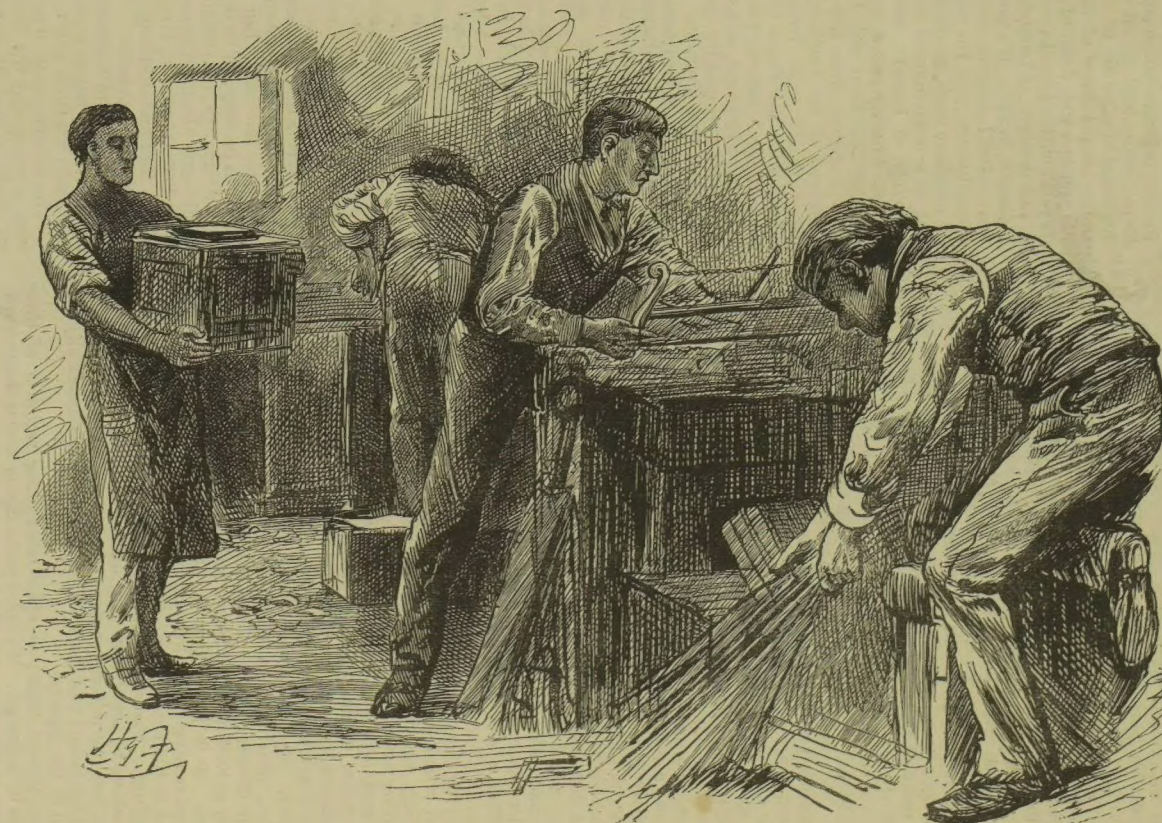
WOOD-CARVING SCHOOL AT VILLACH.



FILIGREE SCHOOL AT CORTINA D'AMPEZZO.



TURNING-LATHES IN THE SCHOOL AT ARCO.



INLAYING SCHOOL AT CORTINA.

SCHOOL INDUSTRIES IN AUSTRIA: SKETCHES WITH THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

earns better wages than he was able to do in his cottage. The instruction given in the special schools is, however, equally beneficial to the local trade, whether it be pursued in the cottage or the factory.

In the Austrian dominions, great efforts have been made in this department of public usefulness. Upwards of fifty trade societies co-operate with the Government, and by their combined efforts eighty-four schools for teaching special industries have been founded, most of them in villages remote from the capital. At Villach, in the Province of Carinthia, the instruction is chiefly in wood-carving, joinery, and cabinet-making. At Cortina d'Ampezzo, up among the Dolomite Mountains, there are two important schools, in one of which the students are taught to execute delicate wood mosaics, a special kind of metal intarsia work, and other ingenious kinds of inlaying. There are here employed eighteen adults and twenty-three boys, the latter having two hours' instruction daily in drawing, and six hours' occupation in the workshop. They are received at fourteen, on completing their term in the ordinary schools, and the course lasts four years. The goods made in this school are sold to the summer visitors, and realise annually about £420. In the same village there is a remarkable school of filigree work, which was established some eight years ago, and which is said to have been instrumental in reviving an almost obsolete local art. The workers are of both sexes, and, as in the school of woodwork, strict regard is had to commercial considerations, so that a very small subsidy is required to cover the expenses. Some of the processes are indicated in our Illustration. The fine silver wire is drawn through graduated perforations in a metal plate, and is then doubled and twisted by a multiplying wheel. The subsequent processes, the shaping of leaves and other ornamental details, the binding and soldering of the trinket, are described as being executed with the aid of very primitive implements, but with the result of training the young people in a highly skilled handicraft. The Commissioners visited these schools under circumstances which our Artist has pictured, the country lying buried in deep snow, which made it a very difficult task to reach the mountain village. From Cortina they proceeded to the sunnier shores of the Lago di Garda. Their report describes a school at Riva, of which also we give an illustration. This is one of the most important of its class, occupying the ground floor and basement of a handsome communal school building. Theoretical education occupies the morning, and the afternoon is devoted to carving, inlaying, and other varieties of joiners' work, every task being preceded by a working drawing or a model executed in clay. At Arco, a few miles off, an important and prosperous trade has been established by means of a similar school. A few years ago the old olive wood abounding in the neighbourhood was used only for fuel. Now it is made into an infinite variety of fancy articles, which find a ready sale all over the world. The former director of the Arco school has a busy factory, in which, as well as in their own homes, his old pupils are employed. It is impossible to contemplate results like these without sharing the feeling expressed by the Commissioners in regard to the kindred industries of Killarney and other parts of Ireland. There some traditional ingenuity is expended on the making of articles in bog oak, arbutus, and other native woods, but the poverty of design exhibited has yet to be corrected by means like those which have been so successfully employed in the Tyrol.

The Report describes other interesting varieties of these schools of industry. We must particularly notice the remarkable one at Salzburg, in which an unusual diversity of special subjects are taught. Photography and its kindred processes are stimulated by lectures and practical exercises in capacious and convenient laboratories. Pottery has its workshops and kilns. The study of architecture is aided by a remarkable collection of models. Drawing and modelling are prominently incorporated in the teaching of every art here, as in every school of the classes described, and great pains are taken to give the instruction of the school a direct bearing upon the actual commercial occupations of the students.

The Royal Commissioners have done good work. Their recommendations include suggestions for the more complete and thorough teaching of rudimentary drawing in all the elementary schools, and for instruction in the use of tools, so as to give this kind of teaching, and that in the classes under the Science and Art Department, a more direct practical bearing upon industries. There are also recommendations having reference to training colleges for elementary teachers and to the schemes of the Charity Commissioners. The Royal Commissioners think it desirable that the ratepayers should have the power of increasing the subsidies for public libraries and museums; and they have agreed, as the result of what they have seen on the Continent, to a unanimous recommendation in favour of the opening of museums and art-galleries on Sundays.

"A SUSPICIOUS GUEST AT THE MERMAID."

BY MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS.

We have already noticed this picture by one of our most rising artists—Mr. Seymour Lucas—when reviewing the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours at the new galleries in Piccadilly—whence we have engraved it. The subject affords a telling suggestion of the dangers of travel in the days of our forefathers; indeed, of our immediate fathers, not so very long ago. But the artist evidently intended to carry us back to the time of Fielding, Smollett, and other early novelists, when the adventures of the road furnished a fruitful source of thrilling interest. We have already said to the effect that the "Suspicious Guest" has hardly the air of an habitual or, so to say, a professional highwayman, even, we may add, of the gentlemanly, polite type of Claude Duval. A man accustomed to the trade of highway robbery would hardly betray so much abstraction or perturbation, and, however reckless, would hardly display so carelessly or with such needless ostentation the implements of his craft, the brace of pistols. No; this may be some broken-down spendthrift, some ruined gambler, who in desperation has taken to the road. In choosing this type the artist has, we think, done well, and not exceeded the bounds of possibility. The figure enlarges, as it were, the scope for romantic associations—if romance may surround a man who, though he dares to risk his own life, is a robber, and ready to be a murderer. The remaining figures in the inn tell their own tale plainly enough: more characteristic they could hardly be.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contained an official notification of additional awards by the juries of the recent Fisheries Exhibition as follows:—A special prize of £600 given by the Committee of Exhibition for the best full-sized life-boat, fully equipped and on carriage, adapted to aid stranded or wrecked vessels from the shore, in gales of wind, and through heavy broken seas and surf, won by the National Life-Boat Institution. For coast life-boats (United Kingdom): Royal National Life-Boat Institution, gold medal; Forrest and Son, silver medal; and Illius Augusta Timmis, silver medal (with diplomas of honour).

THE WYCLIFF COMMEMORATION.

The five-hundredth anniversary, or the quinqucentenary, of John Wycliff's death should fall on a day of December in the present year; but its commemoration was arranged for last Wednesday. Wycliff, or Wickliffe, as the name is often spelt by modern writers, was a native of Yorkshire, born somewhere near Richmond, of good family, and was educated at Oxford, where he won high University renown, and became in 1361 Master of Balliol College. As Divinity Professor, he engaged in the politico-ecclesiastical controversy between King and Pope, and gained credit with loyal and patriotic Englishmen for his able advocacy of the national independence with regard to the temporalities of the Church. King Edward III. and his younger son, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, regarded Wycliff with especial favour, and bestowed on him the Rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, which he held undisturbed till his death, in 1384. His theological doctrines, approaching those since called Evangelical, and especially repudiating the belief in transubstantiation, the virtue of pilgrimages, and the obligation of monastic vows, made him obnoxious to many of the clergy, and he was summoned before Convocation, in 1377, to answer a charge of heresy; but his powerful lay patron, John of Gaunt, forcibly put a stop to this prosecution. The Pope, Gregory XI., then sent Commissioners *a latere* to bring this bold religious Reformer to book. The people here who approved of his teaching, however, aided by his friends at Court, made such demonstrations, followed by diplomatic efforts with the Papal Court, that Wycliff was left free from molestation. Indeed, the time had not yet come for burning heretics in England, which began in the reign of Henry IV. The schism created by the election of an Anti-pope in 1378 distracted the Catholic world, and Wycliff attacked the Papacy in Latin treatises or pamphlets which gained considerable temporary reputation. He afterwards, while continuing his work as a parish minister and frequent preacher, wrote books of practical and devotional religion in the English language, and made the first English translation of the New Testament, a century and a half before that of Tyndale. It is believed that he was a friend of Chaucer, which is the more likely from the poet's connection with John of Gaunt. The cause of Church Reformation in England was afterwards brought into discredit by the extreme views of the Lollards, and by the commotions which were associated with them. Under the House of Lancaster, opinions such as Wycliff's were severely repressed. The Council of Constance, held, thirty years after his death, to put an end to the Papal schism, condemned Wycliff as heretical, and it was then ordered that his body should be taken out of its tomb in the parish church of Lutterworth, consumed by fire, and the ashes cast into the river. This sentence was executed; and, as Thomas Fuller remarks, the little river Swift carried Wycliff's ashes to the Avon, the Avon to the Severn, and the Severn to the sea. But his doctrines were revived in the sixteenth century, to be diffused over half the world.

Lutterworth, of which we present a few illustrations, is a small town about fifteen miles south of Leicester, and the same distance east of Coventry, near the Ullesthorpe Station of the Midland Railway. It has a share of the ribbon and hosiery manufactures. The parish church has been much altered, but is substantially of the fourteenth century; and the carved oak pulpit is said to be that in which John Wycliff preached; his chair and table have also been preserved.

The commemorative proceedings on Wednesday in London were a sermon by the Bishop of Liverpool, at the Church of St. Andrew and St. Ann, Blackfriars; a meeting at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding; and an evening meeting at Exeter Hall, where the Earl of Shaftesbury was to preside.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILWAY.

The romantic scenery of the State of Colorado and of New Mexico, traversed by this line of railway, which runs southward from Denver, the commercial centre of the silver-lead mining region, along the base of the Rocky Mountains, finding a Pass over these to the foot of the Sierra de San Juan, thence descending from Taos to Santa Fe and the Rio Grande, has been celebrated by recent travellers to the Great South-West of the American Union. It is accessible from the Prairie States by the Atchison and Topeka line, which runs westward through Kansas, and which further crosses New Mexico and Arizona on its way to the Pacific coast. In the neighbourhood of Denver, however, or a few hours' journey from that city to the south, is some of the finest mountain scenery; that wonderful assemblage of lofty rocks called "the Garden of the Gods," as well as Manitou, which is now a fashionable spa or medicinal watering-place, being situated near Colorado Springs, a rising town on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. Manitou, as shown in one of our Illustrations, is overlooked by Pike's Peak, one of the highest summits of the main range, which is also visible in another direction, from the "Gateway" or entrance to the "Garden of the Gods." This mountain is not very difficult of ascent, and the United States Government has established upon its summit a station for scientific meteorological observations, at three or four times the altitude of Ben Nevis. The hotels and boarding-houses of Manitou are sufficiently convenient, and it has the ordinary public amusements of such places of holiday resort, making a kind of Buxton in the Far West of America. At the "Garden of the Gods," visitors are astonished to find themselves in the midst of a hundred towering piles of white and red sandstone, moulded into a variety of fantastic shapes, but mostly rising to spires higher than any cathedral that ever was built. The President of the Railway Company, General Palmer, has a villa in Glen Eyrie, a secluded recess walled in by cliffs of imposing height. Monument Park, at no great distance, is a place of the same natural character, where the multitude of rock-pillars and rock-pyramids resemble the crowded monuments of a vast cemetery, and have a very curious effect. The San Juan section of this line, on the other side of the mountain range, presents terrific gorges and singular rock-formations, the picturesque aspects of which are delineated in two of our Engravings. An old Spanish or Mexican town, Pueblo de Taos, the capital of the district bordering on New Mexico, is also represented among these Illustrations, for which we are indebted to the skill of a Denver photographer, Mr. W. H. Jackson; and we may refer to a Tourists' Guide, entitled "Health, Wealth, and Pleasure," recently issued by the Railway Company, for an interesting description of the whole line.

At Westminster School the following were on Tuesday elected to scholarships at Christ Church, Oxford, C. C. J. Webb, Q.S., and R. Vasseur, Q.S.; to exhibitions at Trinity College, Cambridge, E. R. Ellis, Q.S., and M. R. Bethune, Q.S.; to Triplet exhibitions, A. M. T. Jackson, scholar of Brasenose, Oxford, and E. R. Ellis. A Triplet gratuity of £50 was also awarded to M. R. Bethune. The election dinner took place in College Hall, as usual, on Monday, the Dean of Westminster in the chair.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Signor Boito's "Mefistofele" was given on Thursday week, when Madame Albani was to have sustained—as heretofore—the characters of Margherita in the first part, and Elena in the second part of the opera. Her indisposition, however, caused the substitution of Madame Maria Durand, who sang with great effect, especially in the deeper situations—above all, that of the death of Margherita. Mlle. Tremelli was the same efficient representative of Marta and Pantalà as in last year's performances of the opera. The duet between the two ladies, "La luna immobile," was encored, as usual, as also was the characteristic quartet for the four principals, in the Garden-scene. Signor Marconi appeared to more advantage than usual as Faust; and Signor Monti was successful as Mephistopheles, having, at very short notice, replaced Signor Novara in the character.

Last Saturday, Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" was given, with Madame Sembrich as Catarina, a character in which she first appeared here during last season. Again the excellent Dresden prima donna displayed a soprano voice of brilliant quality, with a rare upper compass, and executive powers of the highest order—her performance having been highly successful throughout. Her delivery of the final aria (with two flutes obbligati) was an admirable display of finished bravura singing. A novelty in Saturday's cast was the first assumption of the character of Peter by Signor De Reszké, whose acting and singing were of a high order of excellence. Mlle. Albu was a very efficient Prascovia, Mlles. Velmi and Desvignes were lively representatives of the Vivandières, Signor Scolaro was duly rigid as the disciplinarian corporal Gritzenko, and Signor I. Corsi, as before, sustained the character of Giorgio.

On Monday, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Pauline Lucca, "Les Huguenots" was replaced by "La Traviata," with Madame Sembrich as Violetta. On Tuesday, "Mefistofele" was repeated, and Madame Albani appeared as Margherita and Elena. Her performance was excellent throughout—alike in the scenes of tenderness and in those of despair and remorse. The death of Margherita was an admirable display of vocal and histrionic art. Signor Novara, as Mephistopheles, sang with good effect in several instances, his gestures having occasionally been slightly exaggerated. Other features of the cast were as before.

The second and last of this season's concerts of the Bach Choir was given at St. James's Hall last week, when Mozart's "Requiem" was performed, according to the score as newly edited by Herr Brahms. It was very effectively given in its orchestral, choral, and solo details—the soloists having been Misses C. Elliot and H. D'Alton, Mr. W. Shakespeare, and Mr. F. King. Three movements of Bach's church cantata, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," Brahms's "Gesang der Parzen," and the "Credo" from Cherubini's Grand Mass in D, completed the programme. All these works have before been commented on. Besides the vocalists named, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Beckett contributed to the evening's performances. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt conducted, and Mr. T. Pettit presided at the organ.

Dr. Hans von Bülow gave his third pianoforte recital (the last of the season) on Thursday week, when his truly remarkable powers and accomplishments were displayed in pieces of the classical and romantic school, including Brahms's duo for two pianofortes (on a theme by Haydn), in which Dr. von Bülow was associated with Mr. Oscar Beringer.

Mr. Charles Hallé was prevented, by a domestic bereavement, from playing at the second of his chamber music concerts, and was replaced by that accomplished pianist Miss Zimmermann.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave the last subscription concert of the season at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The performances included some fine choral singing in various pieces. Various part-songs, vocal solos by Miss Fusselle and Mr. E. Lloyd, and some brilliant violin playing by Madame Norman-Néruda completed the programme.

The fifth Richter concert of the series took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when the fine playing of the orchestra conducted by Herr Richter was heard in Marschner's overture to "Hans Heiling," a selection from Wagner's "Nibelungen" operas, and Beethoven's symphony in A.

An evening concert was given at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, at which several songs (including some new pieces) by Signor Tosti and Mr. De Lara were sung with much success. The vocalists were Misses C. Elliot, H. D'Alton, and M. Hardy; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. De Lara, and Mr. H. Thorndike.

Madame Essipoff gave her second and last pianoforte recital of the season at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, with a well-selected programme.

Señor Sarasate's third orchestral concert, conducted by Mr. G. W. Cousins, took place at St. James's Hall in the evening.

Miss Philp's concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening presented a very attractive programme, including several of her successful vocal compositions, and some new pieces. The list of artists comprised some eminent names, including that of the concert-giver.

A Ballad concert—the last of the season—is announced for this (Saturday) afternoon, at St. James's Hall.

Among the concerts of this week were those of Mr. E. Birch and Mr. Brereton (vocalists), and Mr. Max Pauer's first performance of clavichord and pianoforte music.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (widow of the distinguished dramatic critic and novelist) will give a morning concert on Thursday, June 5, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The artistes include Miss Mary Davies, Madame Isabel Fassett, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and Mr. Frank Quatremaigne. Mr. J. L. Toole will give his famous monologue sketch, entitled "Trying a Magistrate," and Mr. George Grossmith will give a recent sketch, entitled "A Week Away." Mrs. Cook was formerly a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and gained great distinction there as a pianist.

The Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Mr. Sheriff Clarence Smith visited Hampstead last Saturday, to take part in the ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of a new Sunday-school and lecture-hall, in connection with the Wesleyan Chapel, High-street. Memorial-stones were laid by the Lord Mayor, Mrs. Horace Marshall, and others; the Lady Mayoress receiving purses from children and teachers. A number of liberal contributions were announced.

At a meeting of the Royal United Service Institution yesterday week, at which Major-General Sir F. Goldsmid presided, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hamley gave a lecture on the subject of "Russia's Approaches to India." He indicated the various roads by which India could be approached, suggested means by which an invading force should be met, and strongly urged the necessity for England to forestall Russia in an occupation of Candahar.



A SUSPICIOUS GUEST AT THE MERMAID.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MR. SEYMOUR LUCAS.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

At length, at the handsome but not hitherto very fortunate Prince's Theatre, the enterprising proprietor and manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce, appears "to have struck ile," and to have secured that grand desideratum, "a piece that will draw," in the production on Tuesday, the 20th inst., of a new play in three acts and a prologue, entitled "Called Back," by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr: the drama being adapted to the stage from the extraordinarily popular story by the first-named gentleman. The success of Mr. Conway's intensely romantic fiction has been as phenomenal as was that of Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa"; and Mr. Comyns Carr is to be congratulated on his readiness of perception of the strongly dramatic elements which abound in "Called Back," and on the skill with which his labour of collaboration has been performed. As it may fairly be assumed that the great majority of English-speaking people have read the story, it would be superfluous to follow step by step the complicated incidents which have been transferred from the tale to the stage. It may be premised, however, that in the prologue to the dramatised version Gilbert Vaughan, travelling in Italy with his sister's fiancé, the young physician, has met and fallen in love with Pauline, before he became blind. When the first act begins he has recovered his sight, and has devoted himself to the gruesome quest of discovering the murderers of the victim whom he supposes to be Pauline, but who is in reality her brother. The dramatists have wisely subdued almost to obliteration the psychological and mesmeric features of the fiction; and the audience have presented to them only a very powerful and stirring melodrama, full of incident, contrast, and relief. The murder by Macari, the spy, of Pauline's brother, and Pauline's own loss of reason, with the sudden appearance of blind Gilbert Vaughan, whose life is spared for the sake of his cecity, form one of the finest scenes in the play; and equally exciting and dramatic is the scene in the conspirators' garret in Soho. The Siberian prison scene was somewhat too grimly realistic, and was slightly suggestive of the jail episodes in "It Is Never Too Late to Mend"; and although the playwrights have chapter and verse in Prince Krapotkine's "Outcast Russia" for their picture of the horrors of Siberian convict life, just as Mr. Charles Reade had chapter and verse in the Bluebook on the Birmingham prison atrocities, the audience at the Prince's could well have dispensed with much of the portrayal of the woes of the new Exiles of Siberia. There is, indeed, throughout the drama a good deal of redundant dialogue; but this can be easily pruned down, and on Tuesday a satisfactory evolution of the incidents, culminating in an impressive *dénouement*, gave rise in the crowded house to a display of enthusiasm unusual even on first nights patronised by the traditional "too-partial friends." It may afford some faint idea of the dramatic excellence of "Called Back," to say that it combines the tragic intensity of M. Sardou's "Fédora" with the romantic and refined grace of Mr. Hermann Merivale's "Forget Me Not." As regards the interpretation of "Called Back" by Mr. Edgar Bruce's company, the palm must be unhesitatingly awarded to Mr. Beerbohm-Tree as the impersonator of the darksome and blood-guilty villain, Macari. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree has for a good while past been known as a very versatile and painstaking actor, and his rare attainments as a linguist have stood him in good stead in giving individuality and colour to his mimetic powers; but he has never yet filled a part so thoroughly suited in every way to the measure of his high capacity as is the character of Macari. His facial "make-up," his attitude, his gestures, his utterance, had all been, it was evident, carefully studied; and most artistically were they brought to bear on his development of his part. He was consistently and commendably quiet and unsensational, and tore no passion to tatters; but the "reserved force," of which we hear so much when actors fail to do as much as the spectators are legitimately entitled to expect from them, was always and instantaneously at Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's command, and was used, upon occasion, with terrific effect. This thorough artist gives every promise of becoming, and that ere long, a great actor. As Gilbert Vaughan Mr. Kyrie Bellew was, of course, highly picturesque and graceful; but, both in voice and mien, he was apt to be slightly monotonous. Mr. G. W. Anson gave a very characteristic rendering of the character of Dr. Ceneri, albeit his dying agonies in the Siberian convict prison were somewhat unduly protracted. Miss Lingard was duly pathetic as Pauline; and at times infused real tragic force into the character, and warm praise must be accorded to pretty Miss Tilbury for the winning grace with which she played the part of Mary Vaughan. The scenery by Mr. Bruce Smith, Mr. W. B. Perkins, and Mr. W. B. Spong, was all that could be desired, and the whole play was excellently well placed on the stage. Mr. Edgar Bruce has scored a distinct and brilliant success, in Messrs. Conway and Comyns Carr's exciting drama; and this success, I should say, will be permanent.

A capital drama of a good old-fashioned type, seldom met with nowadays, Mr. Watts Phillips's "Amos Clark," has displaced the jocular band of Ethiopian Minstrels, favourably known as the Callender's troupe, at the Holborn Theatre. With the attraction of Mr. George Rignold's robust and manly performance of the part of the hero, the revival of this sterling play, full as it is of striking dramatic situations, should meet with considerable public acceptance. To some extent suggestive of that very popular piece, "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," "Amos Clark" is pleasingly picturesque and from first to last interesting; and it is intended that it should retain its place in the Holborn programme till the promised dramatic version of "Adam Bede" is produced at Whitsuntide.

Everybody's favourite, Mr. J. L. Toole, provides fresh food for hilarity at his popular Temple of Comedy in King William-street. The late Mr. Byron fitted Mr. Toole to a nicety when he created for this arch-humourist the diverting rôle of Barnaby Doublechick in "The Upper Crust." It was this mirth-moving assumption that Mr. Toole resumed on Monday. I need not add that Mr. Toole provoked peals of the heartiest laughter both in this farcical comedy and in the excruciatingly droll "Paw Clawdian."

At the Gaiety, Mr. John Hollingshead has, in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Farren and Mr. Edward Terry, for a time hidden "the sacred lamp of burlesque" under a bushel. The Gaiety Company is, under these circumstances, accorded a holiday until a few Parisian stars have shone, flickered, and disappeared.

If it has been the ambition of Mr. Charles Wyndham to naturalise the Palais Royal type of comedy (but made sufficiently decorous for the ears of English audiences) in London, the merriment awakened by his vivacious, volatile, and mercurial acting as Mr. Peregrine Porter in Byron's "Fourteen Days," might be cited by the popular Actor-Manager of the Criterion in proof of the complete success of his undertaking.

G. A. S.

Last Saturday evening the Lord Mayor entertained at dinner Sir Arthur Otway, the Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons. The number of guests was about 170.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who is in good health, has driven out daily. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the castle on Thursday week; leaving on the following morning for Eastwell Park, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. On Friday afternoon the Queen went to Esher, and visited the Duchess of Albany, the widow of Prince Leopold, returning in the evening to Windsor Castle. Princess Beatrice and Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, who went to Eastwell Park to attend the christening of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, returned to Windsor Castle last Saturday evening. Her Majesty and the Royal family attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. On Monday the Queen held a Council, at which were present Lord Carlingford, Lord President of the Council; Earl Sydney, Lord Steward; and the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Previous to the Council the Speaker of the House of Commons was introduced and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. Lord Carlingford and Mr. Gladstone had audiences of her Majesty. The Duke of Buccleuch arrived at the castle in the afternoon, and had an audience of the Queen to deliver up the badge of the Order of the Garter worn by his late father. On Tuesday morning, the Prince and Princess of Leiningen arrived at the castle. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen, and remained to luncheon. The Bishops of Chester and Southwell arrived at the castle, and were introduced to the Queen by the Right Hon. Sir W. Vernon Harcourt, and did homage. The following gentlemen also arrived, and received the honour of knighthood:—Mr. James Allport, Director of the Midland Railway; Mr. Richard Dickeson, late Mayor of Dover; and Mr. F. W. Burton, Director of the National Gallery. Prince Leiningen left the castle for London. By command of the Queen, the Ministerial banquets usually given in honour of her Majesty's birthday have been abandoned for the present year in consequence of the death of Prince Leopold. Her Majesty has approved of the military parades, &c., usual on her Majesty's birthday, being held on June 23 at all home and foreign stations, with the exception of London and Windsor.

Last Saturday night the Prince of Wales left Paris for Royat in Auvergne, where, it is stated, he proposes to take the waters and enjoy repose for three weeks. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her daughters, has paid a visit to the Landgrave and Landgravine of Hesse. The Princess has consented to present new colours to the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders in the ensuing autumn. The Prince and Princess will arrive at Abergeldie on Aug. 11, and the presentation will take place on the Old Town Links, at Aberdeen, on Friday, the 29th, or Saturday, the 30th.

The christening of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh took place in the library of Eastwell House last Saturday. There were present the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrice, and her Highness Princess Elizabeth of Hesse. The infant Princess was named Beatrice Leopoldine Victoria. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. Lloyd, R.N., Chaplain to his Royal Highness, and the Rev. G. F. Gwynne, Rector of Eastwell. The Grand Duke Paul of Russia, attended by Colonel Stepanoff, arrived at Eastwell Park in the afternoon, on a visit to the Duchess.

On Wednesday afternoon the Duke, accompanied by the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, arrived at Windsor by the Great Western Railway, and immediately drove to the castle for the purpose of visiting the Queen.

Princess Christian is visiting the Duchess of Albany, and will stay with her until after her confinement, which is expected to take place some time next month.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz started on Monday evening for the Duchess of Cambridge's old château, Rumpenheim, in order to be present at the nuptials of the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt with Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Landgrave and Landgravine of Hesse.

The Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughter, Princess Elizabeth, left Windsor on Wednesday afternoon for Portsmouth, en route for Germany.

Last Friday night's *Gazette* contained a list of 600 addresses and resolutions of condolence on the death of the Duke of Albany presented to her Majesty.

About £2800 has already been raised towards the fund for the family of the late Mr. Roebuck.

The Select Committee on the Parks Railway Bill have decided that the preamble was not proved, a special report being made to the House respecting the measure.

The thirteenth annual dinner of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain was held on Tuesday evening at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Michael Carteigh, president of the Society, occupying the chair.

Professor Huxley will be the first president of the Marine Biological Association, and the first marine laboratory and experimental station of the association will probably be established at Plymouth.

The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Master of the Rolls, with other members of the Bench, have accepted the Lord Mayor's invitation to the Judges' banquet at the Mansion House on June 11.

The awards of merit gained by the students at the London University were presented on the 14th inst. by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir James Paget. The girl graduates, numbering about thirty, were heartily applauded.

The Mayor of Preston has received a communication stating that the Queen, as Duchess of Lancaster, has granted £100 out of the revenue of the Duchy towards the local guarantee fund of the Royal Agricultural Show, to be held in Preston next year. The local fund now amounts to £4900.

The Bishop of Durham on Tuesday delivered an address in the theatre of the London University, Burlington-gardens, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the London Main Centre of the Cambridge Local Examinations.

Mr. Justice Chitty has made an order for the compulsory winding-up of the Oriental Bank Corporation. In the Chancery Division an order has been made on the provisional liquidator of the Oriental Bank to pay into the London Joint-Stock Bank the sum of £82,000 lodged with the former corporation for the special purpose of paying off portion of a loan contracted in 1883 by the Japanese Government.

The programme at German Reed's entertainment, St. George's Hall, was varied on Monday evening by the introduction of a new first part, entitled "Fairly Puzzled," by Mr. Oliver Brand. The piece met with the most favourable reception, notwithstanding the fact that some portion of the music had to be omitted in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Alfred Reed, who was suffering from hoarseness. Mr. Corney Grain's amusing sketch, "A Little Dinner," and the after-piece, "A Double Event," remain in the bill, and maintain their popularity undiminished.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Government maintain their reticence with regard to the steps they intend to take to extricate General Gordon from a position of difficulty and danger. The Premier, questioned on the subject, guardedly refers his interrogators to the Ministerial declarations of himself and the Secretary for War in the recent debate. Reserved though Ministers are, it is an open secret that the War Office and Admiralty are actively engaged in the preparations for an Expedition to Khartoum. These preparations are not unlikely to be accelerated by the report that the Mahdi has left El Obeid at the head of a large force, it being supposed that his destination is Khartoum.

The fortunes of the Conservative Party will not be adversely affected by the temporary difference of opinion between the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. Rather will the broadening of the Party platform on the lines proposed by the vivacious member for Woodstock tend to popularise Conservatism. Lord Randolph Churchill's unanimous re-election to the post he had resigned of Chairman of the Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations has undoubtedly strengthened his Lordship's political position—albeit some may deem it premature for the redoubtable Mr. A. B. Forwood, head Conservative wire-puller of Liverpool, to formally address the noble Lord as being in the very front rank, side by side with the Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, thereby ingeniously nominating a Triumvirate, as it were, to lead the Constitutional Party. It is scarcely probable the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Earl Cairns, Lord Cranbrook, Lord John Manners, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, or Mr. Edward Stanhope, would tamely submit to their just claims, based on sound service and long experience, being overlooked in this manner, even if the acknowledged chiefs of the Party acquiesced in the arrangement.

The smallness of the Ministerial majority in the Gordon debate has lent colour to the report that the Conservative peers have resolved to throw out the County Franchise Bill by carrying an amendment similar to that which Lord John Manners gallantly but vainly moved in the Commons.

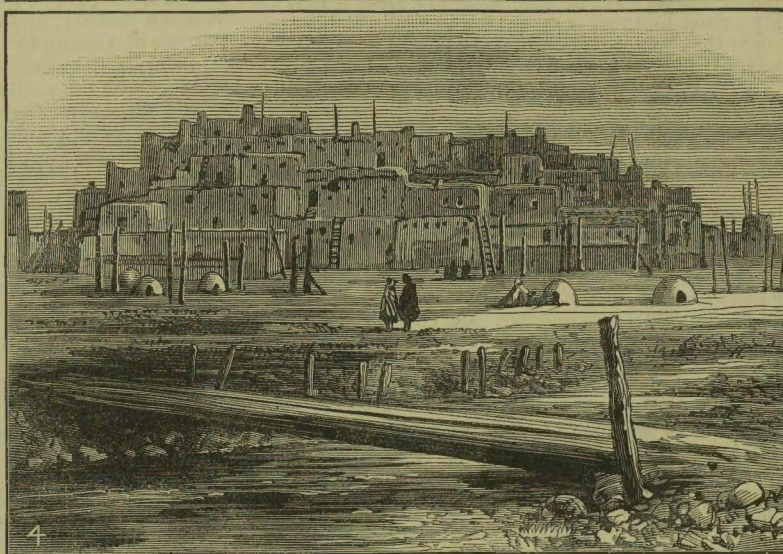
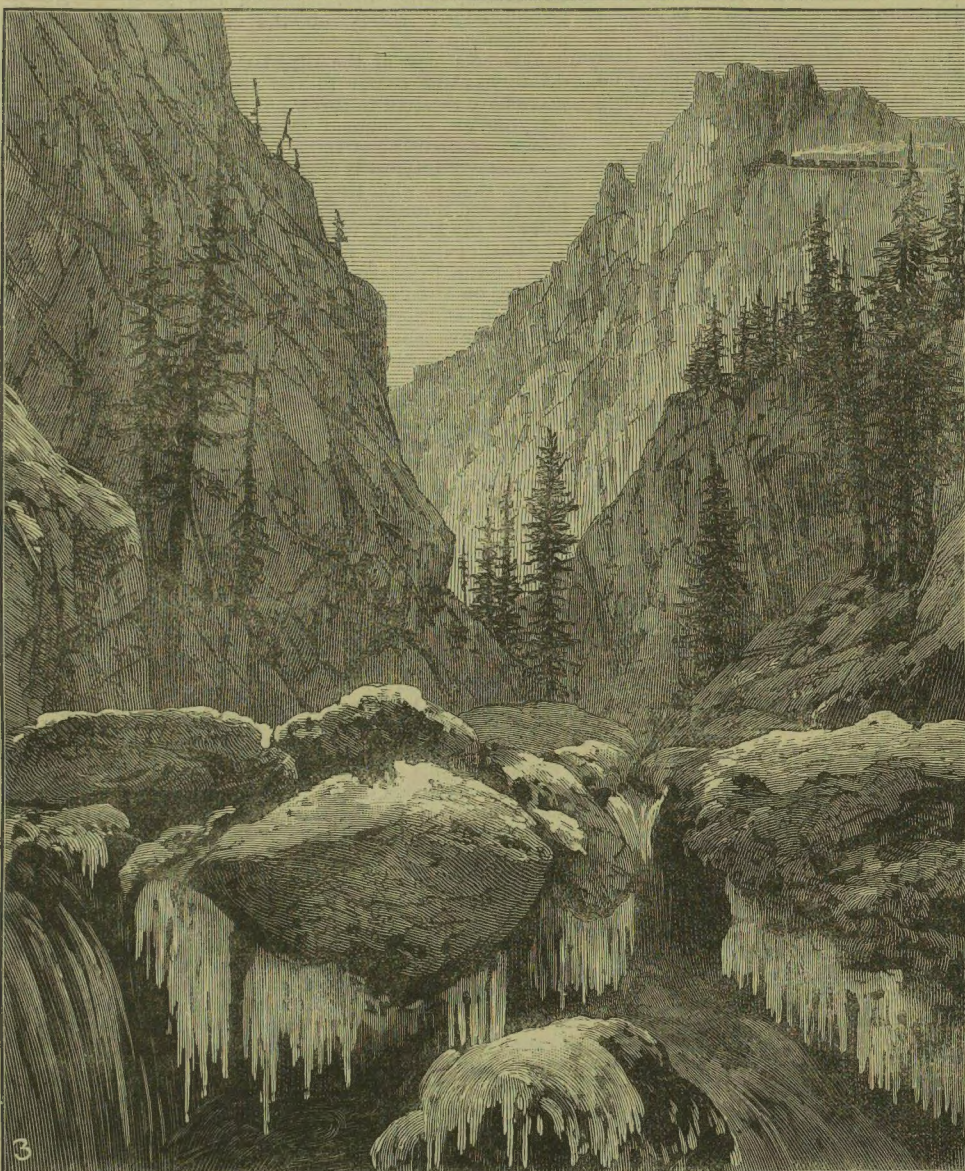
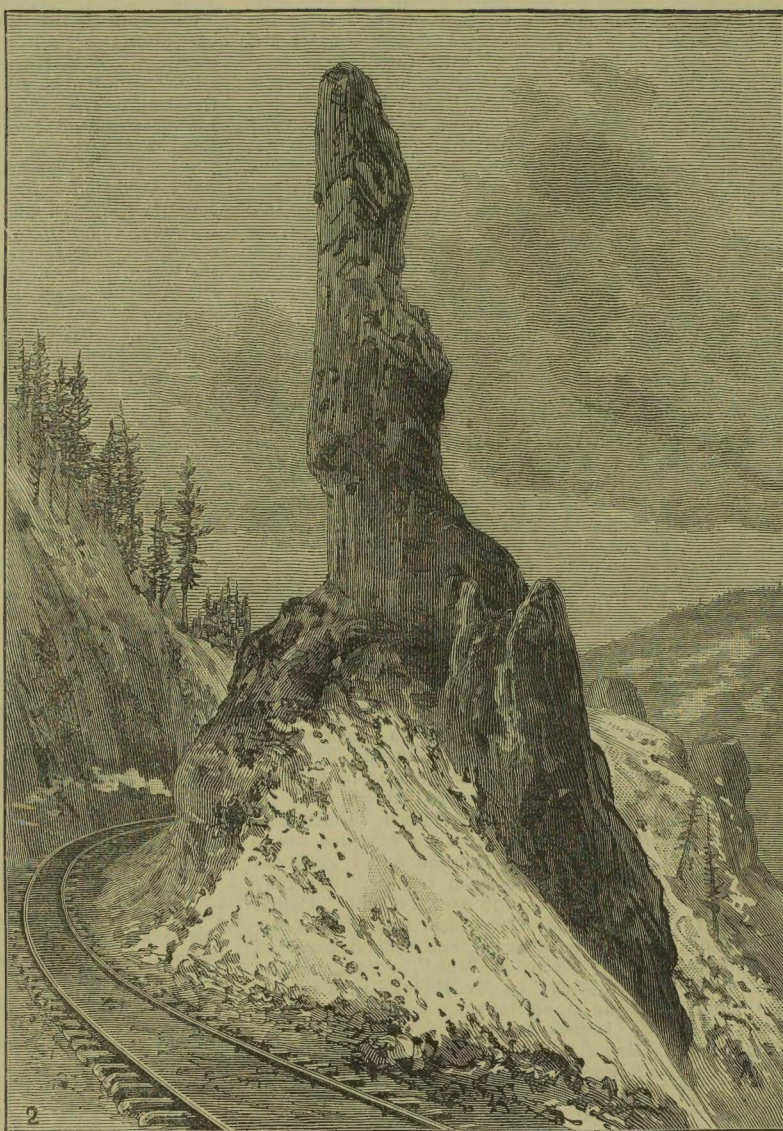
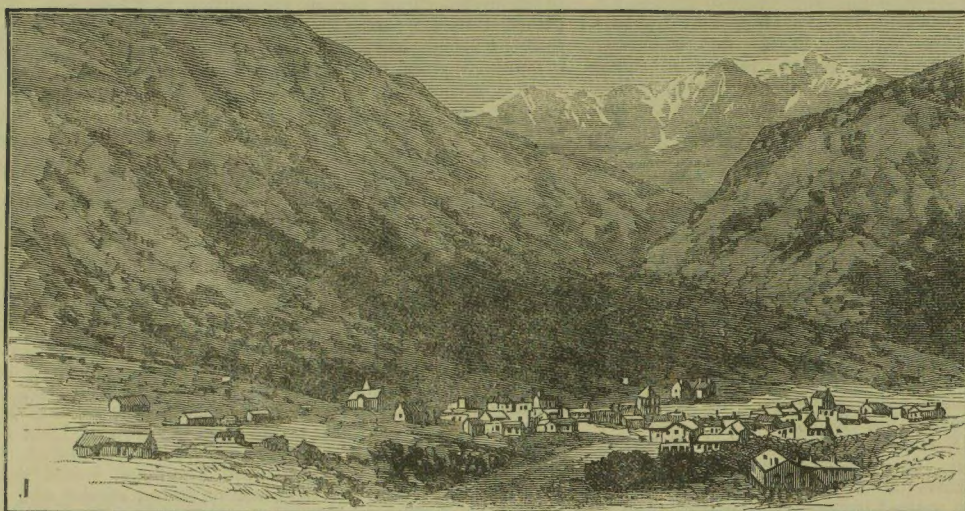
Far more interest is taken in what the Lords will do in this respect than in what they have done of late. Their Lordships have passed through Committee the Criminal Law Amendment Bill and the Married Women's Property Act Amendment Bill. The Earl of Rosebery (who is to invite noble Lords to consider how far the legislative efficiency of their House can be increased) on Monday referred with habitual tact to the natural objections which Australians entertain to the deportation of French convicts to New Caledonia, lest they should ultimately settle in large numbers in Australia. British residents at Wallfisch Bay and Agra-Pequena may be glad to know that, replying to Lord Sidmouth, the Earl of Derby made it plain that their interests are being well looked after by the Colonial Office. There was on Tuesday a welcome addition to the House in the person of Lord Hampden, the late genial and courtly Speaker of the Commons. The bill to provide Scotland with a Secretary for State was read the second time. So was the Great Seal Bill, although Lord Salisbury did stigmatise it as "most insidious." In spite, however, of Earl Granville's protest, by a majority of 22 did their Lordships approve the following resolution of Lord Stratheden and Campbell respecting the much-criticised statue at Hyde Park Corner:—

That, in the opinion of this House, it is not desirable to remove the equestrian statue of the late Duke of Wellington from London until the public have had an opportunity of judging the monument by which it is intended to replace it.

There have been two noteworthy features in the tautological discussion, long drawn out, of the County Franchise Bill. In the first place, despite the marked defection of Mr. Parnell and his gregarious following from the Ministerial side on the occasion of the important division on the Gordon motion, neither Mr. Gladstone nor Mr. Trevelyan abated one jot of their earnestness in advocating the inclusion of the Sister Isle in this measure of enfranchisement. Whereas Sir Stafford Northcote, in a yea-nay sort of fashion, supported Mr. Brodrick's amendment on the 17th inst. to exclude Ireland from the bill, when the debate was resumed on Tuesday Lord Randolph Churchill, in the rôle of a Democratic Tory, threw characteristic animation into his appeal to the Conservatives on every ground to grant the franchise in question to Irishmen. This courageous move on the part of the daring young leader of the "Fourth Party" was possibly brought about by no higher motives than those which Mr. Labouchere, in a lively speech full of good-humoured banter, imputed to Lord Randolph Churchill—i.e., by a desire to catch the popular vote by blowing hot with the breath of the noble Lord, and blowing cold when the time is ripe for the Marquis of Salisbury to move, in "another place," the rejection of the bill. Whether that supposition be well-founded or not, this sally on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill could not but occasion surprise. Loud cheers greeted the announcement of the issue of the division—the negating of Mr. Brodrick's amendment by the large majority of 195:332 against 137 votes.

The Merchant Shipping Bill, introduced by Mr. Chamberlain on Monday in a speech of portentous length (it occupied not far short of four hours in delivery), is framed with a good object—that of providing safeguards against the lamentable loss of life every year in our mercantile navy. The comprehensive address of the right hon. gentleman evinced a firm grasp of a most difficult subject; but it might well have been curtailed to digestible dimensions. Shipowners, incontestably as humane as any other body of Englishmen as a class, will admit as readily as the energetic President of the Board of Trade that it is a most deplorable fact that there should be an average of three thousand seamen lost annually. The problem is—how to reduce risk without shackling enterprise? Posing as a second Plimsoll or "Sailor's Friend," Mr. Chamberlain proposed to minimise the losses by drawing up a series of clauses to prevent the over-insurance (which he alleged to be a fruitful source of danger), the over-loading, and the under-manning of ships; and by the extension of the Employers' Liability Act to the shipping trade. The eloquent appeal to the ship-owning members to co-operate with him did not meet with success. Both Mr. Macfiver and Mr. C. Palmer stoutly opposed the bill, discussion on which was postponed. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Chamberlain may yet be able to meet the views of shipowners so far as to mould the measure into a practical and workable shape.

The business-like acumen of Mr. Chamberlain was on Wednesday notably evinced in his clear answer to Mr. Samuelson's proposal to saddle the Board of Trade with the gigantic labour of a statistical order in the direction of supplying reports on railway fares. Mr. Molloy's Irish Labourers' Act Amendment Bill was then negated by a majority of 63, the prevailing feeling being that the Act of last year had not yet had sufficient trial. Members are not sorry another resting period is near. The House will be deprived of the pleasure of a fresh budget of witticisms from Sir Wilfrid Lawson against adjourning over the Derby Day, as on the eve of the Derby the Prime Minister is to move the adjournment for the Whitsuntide Holidays till Thursday, June 5.



1. Manitou Cola, with Pike's Peak.

2. Phantom Curve, San Juan Division.

3. Gorge and Tunnel.

4. Pueblo de Taos, New Mexico.

5. Garden of the Gods, Gateway.



SUNDAY MORNING ON THE CÔTE DE GRACE, HONFLEUR.
DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 20.

"The whole world has its eyes fixed upon the laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm." The explanation of this rhetorical trope, which I find in one of the morning papers, is that M. Pasteur is about to submit to the control of a Commission appointed by Government certain wonderful experiments concerning rabies. In a communication read before the Academy of Sciences yesterday, M. Pasteur declared that he had found a means of rendering dogs proof against madness by vaccinating them with an attenuated virus, and that he foresaw the possibility of introducing into human therapeutics inoculation as a prophylactic against hydrophobia. Thanks to M. Pasteur's experiments, we begin to see the possibility of preserving man by inoculation not only from rabies but from a multitude of diseases—diphtheria, typhus, &c.

The Chambers met again to-day, after the Easter vacation, for a Session which will probably last until the beginning of August. The deputies, in particular, have an enormous amount of business before them, consisting of laws relative to army, judicial, university, and administrative reform, the discussion of the results of the inquiry into the economic situation, the settlement of the Tonquin affairs, the Budget of 1885, and the much-talked-of revision of the Constitution. This last question, it is hoped, will not be allowed to take up too much time, for, as far as recent elections and other manifestations of public opinion have shown, the public is indifferent to this and to all other questions of abstract politics. The matters that seem most deeply to interest the French at present are financial and economical questions, and not ideal Constitutions or sacramental formulae; every election—whether of deputies, or of municipal councillors, or of mayors—shows the Republic gaining ground. Why? Because it is a reality. At the present moment the Conservatives are endeavouring to unite their forces and form a league, in view of the legislative elections of 1885. But their only common ground is hatred of the Republic. "Let us join to overthrow the Republic, and we will see what is to take its place afterwards," say the promoters of the league. But the Conservatives themselves know by experience the fatality of such a plan, and so the proposed "union of the Conservatives" is not making much progress, although much ink is being wasted over it. In spite of all their talk and newspaper rant, the French are becoming more and more practical and matter-of-fact in the management of their affairs. The third Republic is not given to frothiness. The news of the treaty of Tientsin did not provoke the lighting of a single Venetian lantern or the slightest demonstration of public joy: it was accepted as a matter of course. This afternoon, when M. Ferry officially informed the Chamber of the success of French arms and French diplomacy there was very little applause, and only a few deputies were present—in short, there was no manifestation whatever.

There was a fashionable attendance at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, in the Faubourg St. Germain, last Friday, to witness the marriage of the Comte de Fitzjames with Mlle. Marie de Gontaut-Biron. Among those present were the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Alençon, Marshal de MacMahon, General de Charette, and the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia.

The painters continue to absorb public attention by their glory or their disasters. M. Gustave Jundt, a painter of talent whose works have been appreciated at the Salon for many years, threw himself out of the window the other day and was killed on the spot. M. Jundt was fifty-eight years of age. At the Hôtel Drouot almost every week there is a sale of the pictures of some artist who has come or is coming to grief. The picture-dealers all complain of the hardness of the times, and, as if pictures were mere scrip or bullion, gravely tell you that there is a *krach* in painting. The word is significant: it indicates the cause of the evil, namely—speculation. Of late years pictures have been employed in Paris as gambling counters; the painters thinking the fancy prices attained were real and destined to last for ever, nearly all began to live extravagantly in palaces and to ride in carriages; and now that the spell is broken the poor painters are mostly pretty deep in the mire. The *krach*, however, does not seem to prevent the multiplicity of picture exhibitions; and now, besides the Grand Salon, we have, in the courtyard of the Tuileries, a "Salon des Artistes Indépendants," containing about 1000 works which were refused by the jury of the regular Salon. Anything more dreadfully bad than this exhibition it would be hard to conceive. On the 24th we shall be able to console ourselves at the Meissonier Exhibition, which is being prepared at the Gallery of the Rue de Sèze.

T. C.

King Alfonso opened the Spanish Cortes on Tuesday. The Royal Speech alluded, among other things, to the elevation of the Legations at Berlin and Madrid respectively to the rank of Embassies; to the Treaties of Commerce with several nations, including England, which are left to the unfettered action of the Cortes; and to the relations of Spain with Morocco.

The Session of the Portuguese Cortes was closed on the 17th inst. without any discussion of the Congo Treaty. It is announced that the Portuguese Government has given its assent to the proposed arrangement for the construction of a railway from the sea to the Transvaal frontier, from which point it will be carried by the Boers inland to Pretoria.

The three days' visit of the King and Queen of Holland to the Belgian Court began on Tuesday. It is the first time since the Revolution of 1830, which made Belgium an independent country, that a Dutch Sovereign has come to Brussels. The King and Queen of the Belgians welcomed their Majesties. There was great enthusiasm, and the city was splendidly decorated, the day being kept as a general holiday.

It is announced from Berlin that the German Emperor has been suffering from an attack of nephritic colic.—The Right Rev. Bishop Titcomb, Coadjutor-Bishop for the English Churches throughout Northern and Central Europe, was received at Berlin on the 14th inst. by the Crown Princess, who expressed great interest in the Bishop's welfare.—The Emperor has accepted the resignation of Prince Bismarck as President of the Prussian Cabinet, and has appointed Herr von Boetticher, Minister of Commerce, to fill the vacant office.—A motion by Dr. Windthorst, the Ultramontane leader, in the Prussian Diet, on Saturday, for the organic revision of the May Laws, was rejected by 168 votes to 116. The Prussian Parliament has been prorogued.

In beautiful weather, the annual inspection of the garrison of Pesh by the Emperor took place on the 16th inst., on a large meadow behind the upper town of Buda.—The Archduchess Valérie returned to Vienna last Saturday from Amsterdam. Besides the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Sweden, the Duke of Nassau, and the Princess of Wied are in Amsterdam, under medical treatment. Daily excursions are made by the distinguished patients to a bathing establishment at Zandvoort, on the North Sea.—The Hungarian

Parliament was closed by the Emperor on Tuesday. The Croatian Diet will reassemble on June 1.—The will of the late Empress Maria Anna, of Austria, has been made public. The King of Naples is chief heir, his portion being twelve million florins. The Archduke Albrecht receives several millions and an estate in Italy. Several convents receive enormous sums. The Empress has bequeathed all her jewels to the Emperor, as also some of the most valuable gold plate worked by the old Italian masters.—The Academical Senate of the Vienna University held a sitting on the 15th inst., at which the Crown Prince Rudolf was appointed Honorary Doctor of Philosophy.—Another of the large theatres of Vienna, known as the Stadt-Theater, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 16th inst. No life was lost, but eleven persons were injured.

The Czarewitch, who is now sixteen years of age, obtained his majority by Russian law on Sunday. The event was celebrated by various ceremonies and by a popular fête. At the church of the Winter Palace the Czarewitch took the oath of allegiance to the Czar, and swore to maintain the legal order of succession to the throne. He afterwards took the oath of military allegiance in the Hall of St. George. The popular fête was attended by large crowds. Prince William, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, who arrived at St Petersburg on Saturday, took part in the ceremonies. He met with a very hearty reception from both the Court and the people. The Czar has appointed him honorary colonel of an infantry regiment, which will henceforth bear his name. Prince William has gone on a visit to Cronstadt, and will shortly proceed to Moscow.

The Canadian Government are about to prosecute with energy the work of surveying Georgian Bay, in Lake Huron. The Government has also granted 10,000 dols. for improving the navigation of the Saskatchewan River, in the Canadian North-West. Active survey parties are at work in the Rocky Mountains, "locating" a temporary route through the Kicking Horse Pass, and it is announced that the work of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway through the mountain country of British Columbia will shortly be vigorously pushed forward.

The American House of Representatives has defeated by 179 to 52 Mr. Belmont's bill to abolish the duty on works of art.

A telegram from Durban states that no further fighting has taken place in Zululand since the repulse of the Usutis on the 10th inst. More than 100 of them were then killed, and Dabulamanzi, their leader, only narrowly escaped. A large body of friendly natives watching the border of the Reserve have been completely defeated by a strong force of Usutis.

The *North China Herald* announces that the Viceroy of Yun Quen is in disgrace for having withdrawn the Chinese troops from Tonquin into the province of Yunnan without instructions.

SUNDAY MORNING AT HONFLEUR.

The agreeable seaport town of Honfleur, on the western shore of the entrance to the Seine, distant eight or nine miles from Havre de Grâce, is often visited by English families in summer, and there is a direct line of steam-boats from Littlehampton, on our Sussex coast. Moreover, we get from Honfleur a certain part of our London supply of eggs, fruit, butter, and other produce of Normandy consumed by English mouths. Besides this sort of export trade, the port and town, which numbers above ten thousand inhabitants, can give them profitable employment as sailors and ship-fitters, and there are many fishermen and fisherwomen. As in other French towns of the same character, there is a noted chapel, a shrine of pilgrimage, frequented by the families and friends who often present their vows, prayers, and offerings for the safety of persons at sea. This is the chapel of Notre Dame de Grâce, on a hill commanding a most glorious view of the opposite coast, from Havre to Tancarville, with Harfleur in the middle, the sea to the left hand, and the western shore, up to Quillebeuf, on the right. The Artist, Mr. W. J. Hennessy, has preferred to bestow his attention upon the interesting groups of human figures who may be seen at the door of the chapel; good Norman wives and mothers, with their fine well-grown children, kindly saluted by cheerful neighbours as they quit the sacred building after Sunday morning mass; all the good people inspired with feelings of calm content and benevolence, which in France, among all classes, rich and poor, in town or country, are displayed by courtesy and good manners towards one another.

Resolutions condemnatory of the London Government Bill were passed at a meeting of the City Livery yesterday week, in the Guildhall, the Lord Mayor presiding. An amendment partially favourable to the measure was proposed, but received scarcely any support. Sir Hardinge Giffard, M.P., Baron Henry de Worms, M.P., and Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., were among the speakers.

The Volunteers of the Metropolis celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the force last Saturday by holding four brigade drills, in which fifteen regiments took part. A fête was held at the Westminster Aquarium in the evening.—The Honourable Artillery Company, including cavalry, will parade in review order at four p.m. this (Saturday) afternoon, to celebrate her Majesty's birthday. The presentation of prizes for rifle-shooting for the year 1883 takes place on the same day.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
May 11	29.999	61.3	46.3	60	0	75.3	45.3	SW. S.W.	148	0.000
12	29.906	60.1	48.8	68	3	73.3	48.2	SSW. NNW. ENE.	142	.000
13	29.902	56.5	48.1	75	5	68.1	50.0	N.E. S.E. S.W.	238	.000
14	29.884	53.2	42.2	69	6	60.3	46.3	SW. NNW. W.	332	.030
15	30.060	53.0	46.8	81	10	59.5	47.2	WSW. SW.	395	.000
16	29.991	58.9	49.8	74	7	67.6	53.2	WSW. SW.	306	.000
17	29.709	59.6	43.5	58	1	72.1	51.4	SSW. SW.	295	0.030

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 30.050 29.961 29.979 29.808 30.090 30.027 29.773
Temperature of Air .. 68.30 63.30 66.12 66.50 62.53 61.22 59.66
Temperature of Evaporation .. 69.05 63.49 66.05 66.60 63.33 62.22 60.57
Direction of Wind .. S.W. N. E. S.W. S.W. S.W. S.W.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 31, 1884.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 35 12	2 22 20	3 13 34	4 5 4	5 15 17	6 42 6	8 9 6

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of York will preside at the York Diocesan Conference, to be held at York, on Oct. 29 and 30.

The Bishop of Lincoln has reopened Corringham church, which has been elaborately restored at a cost of £10,000, given by Miss Beckett, of Somerby Hall.

Dr. Temple, the Bishop of Exeter, has agreed to be president of the National Temperance League, in succession to the late Mr. S. Bowly.

The Rev. E. Sheppard, Minor Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, has, it is understood, been appointed Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal.

The Dean of Lichfield preached at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, last Thursday morning, on behalf of the Additional Curates Society.

Dr. Stubbs, the new Bishop of Chester, began his work in the diocese on Monday, by holding confirmations at Trinity and St. John's Churches. The enthronement of the Bishop will take place on June 24.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was among the speakers at the annual meeting of the East London Church Fund, held on Monday, at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor.

At the concert given at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the 14th ult., in aid of the fund for the restoration of St. John's Church, Waterloo-bridge-road, the receipts, after deducting all expenses, amounted to nearly £100.

Her Majesty has conferred the Bishopric of Ripon upon Canon Boyd Carpenter, Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate; and the Canonry at Windsor, which will be vacated by Canon Carpenter, upon the Rev. E. Capel-Cure, Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square.

The chief corner-stone in the restoration of the ancient tower of Sherborne Abbey was laid on the 16th inst. by the Hon. Mrs. J. Kenelm Wingfield Digby. A commencement has been made with the east face, which must be entirely rebuilt from the choir arch. The cost of the work is £4000.

The Rev. George Bryant, M.A., who has been Vicar of Sheerness for the past forty years, has been presented with a massive silver épergne and a purse containing £150, by the inhabitants of Sheerness, on his departure from the town, the rev. gentleman having accepted the living of Badlesmere-cum-Leaveland, near Faversham, in the gift of Earl Soudes.

The 230th anniversary of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy was celebrated under the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral on the 11th inst., and in the evening the Lord Mayor presided at the Merchant Taylors' Hall; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and a large number of other prelates and gentlemen being among the guests. The treasurer announced subscriptions amounting to £4455.

Sir Algernon Borthwick opened on the 15th inst., at the Athenæum, Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's-bush, a bazaar, which continued the two following days, in aid of the Church Building Fund of St. Thomas's, in that neighbourhood. A variety of attractive entertainments was offered, and the stalls of the bazaar were well filled with useful and fancy articles. Lady Borthwick distributed a number of prizes.

At the annual meeting of the Incorporated Society for Promoting the Building of Churches on the 15th inst., the Bishop of Bath and Wells presiding, the report showed that the grants made in 1883 amounted to £7313. The meeting was addressed by Lord Nelson, the Bishop of Llandaff, Mr. W. E. Tomlinson, M.P., and the Dean of Lichfield, and a resolution was adopted declaring the society to be deserving of a more substantial support than it at present obtained.

The foundation-stone of the new and permanent Church of St. Andrew, Battersea, was laid on Monday, in the presence of a large congregation. This church will be the second of the three which are to be erected in the parish of Battersea by means of grants from the Bishop of Rochester's Ten Churches Fund, and its site in Stockdale-road, Nine Elms, is in the centre of a poor and thickly populated district. The cost of the church will be £5000, of which £4500 has been received from the Bishop of Rochester's Fund, and £300 from other sources.

Sir Stafford Northcote on Wednesday opened to the public the annual exhibition held by the Devonshire Agricultural Association of Exeter.

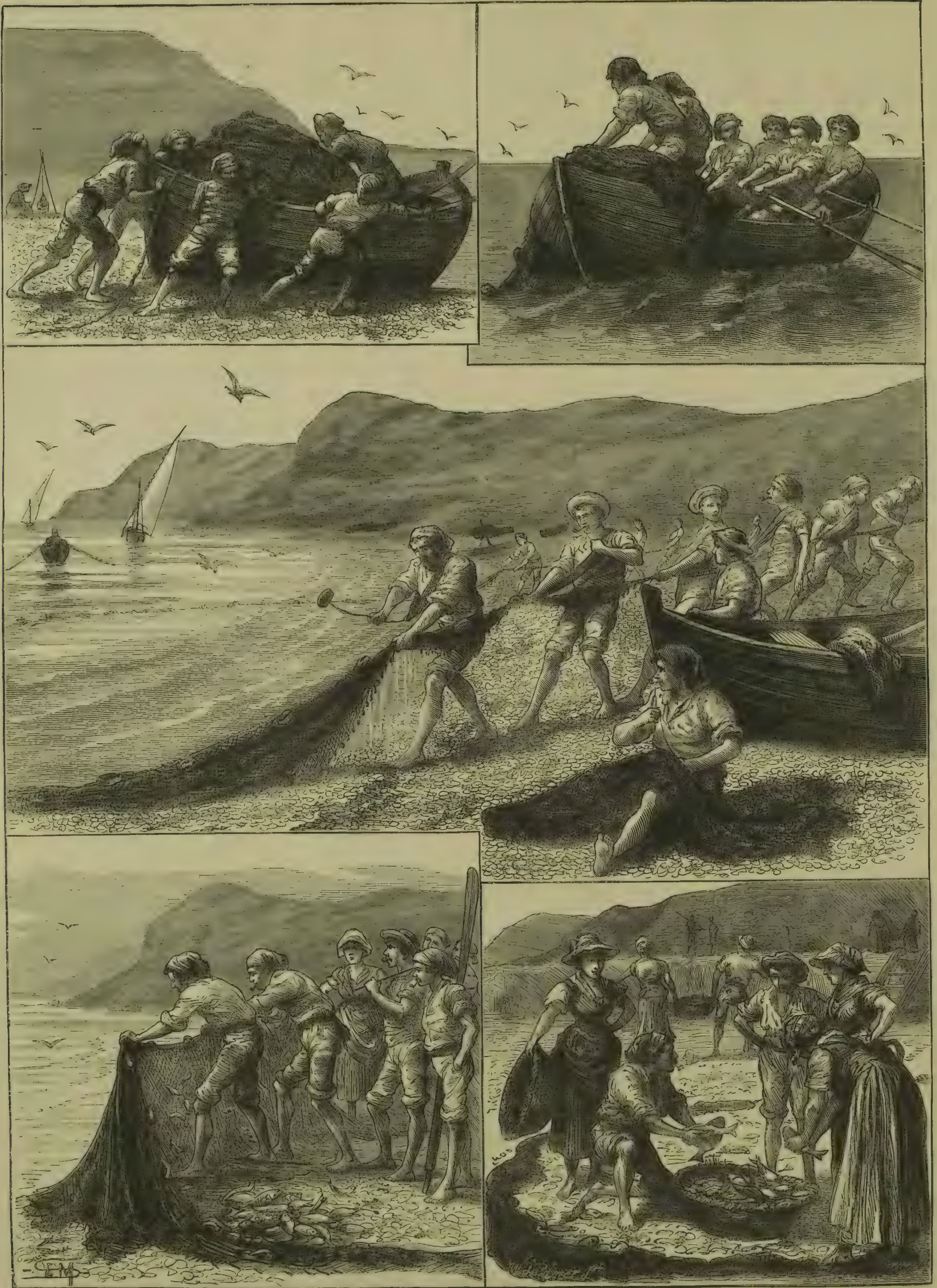
At the sixty-first anniversary meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, held on Monday afternoon at the society's house, 22, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, Sir William Muir was elected president; and, the vice-presidents and council having been elected, Professor Monier Williams, C.I.E., gave an address on his recent visit to India and to the Jaina and Buddhist temples there.

The *Standard* has reason to believe that the Government have arranged with the Duke of Marlborough to commute for the sum of £107,000 the pension of £4000 per annum which has been paid to the Dukes of Marlborough since the year 1710. Another important pension dealt with is that of £4000, dating from 1790, granted to William Penn and his heirs for ever, for which it is believed that £67,000 has been paid to the present representative of the Penn family. The negotiations with regard to the Schomberg pensions are not yet completed.

A large and fashionable congregation assembled last Saturday at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, to witness the marriage of Sir John Lubbock, M.P., with Miss Fox-Pitt, daughter of General and the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers. There were six bridesmaids—the Hon. Marcia Lane-Fox and the Hon. Violet Lane-Fox, cousins of the bride; Miss Evelyn Lubbock, Miss Muriel Lubbock, and Miss Edith Lubbock, nieces of the bridegroom; and Miss Scott, niece of the bride. Mr. Beaumont Lubbock acted as best man. The service was fully choral.

Mr. Justice Chitty had before him last Saturday a petition by the Duke of Marlborough for the sanction of the Court to sell, under the Settled Land Act, twenty-five pictures at present in the Blenheim Gallery, and which have been settled so as to go with the title of the dukedom. These are said to be of the value of about £40,000. On the application of the leading counsel for Lord Randolph Churchill, the petition was allowed to stand over for a week. We understand that the desirability of purchasing for the nation the Blenheim pictures is under the consideration of her Majesty's Government.

Signor Foli on Tuesday brought an action against Mr. George Paris Bradshaw to recover damages for assault. Whilst dining at Monte Carlo, a conversation arose between the plaintiff's wife and Mrs. Bradshaw, the defendant's mother, respecting peacocks' feathers. A dispute followed, and, on the return of the parties to London, the defendant challenged Signor Foli to a duel. This being treated with contempt, the defendant accosted Signor Foli at St. James's Hall, and struck him a violent blow with a stick over the eye, inflicting a wound which prevented the plaintiff fulfilling some of his public engagements. The assault was admitted, and the evidence chiefly turned upon the question of provocation. The jury awarded Signor Foli £350 damages.



RETA-FISHING ON THE CORSICAN COAST.

The "Reta" is a net peculiar to the coasts of the Mediterranean, but is distinguished by variations in make. In Corsica it is practically a wide, shallow sack, one edge of the mouth dipping low in the water. It is stretched on the centre of a rope, often a quarter of a mile in length. It is in April and May that the "reta" is most profitable. Leaving Ajaccio at dawn, the fishermen take their way to the south-east of the fine gulf of Ajaccio, passing through an avenue of some of the finest

trees of Corsica. Reaching Barbicaglia, noted as an orange-orchard, lying in a lovely rocky dell, the fishers find their boat ready. One end of the net-rope is now fixed to the shore; and the boat is pulled out about a quarter of a mile. There it is turned, and describes a semicircle, the boat's course being directed to the point whence it started, so that the "reta" has swept through the sea nearly a mile, the operation taking nearly an hour. It is in May that the zerolo, a fish peculiar to

this district, is in its finest condition. The local proverb runs—

*Quando il pruno è fiorito
Il zerolo è savorito.*

Which may be freely translated—

*When yellow broom in bloom is dressed
The zerolo is at its best.*

The industry is profitable, one boat making many trips in the course of the day. The fish is chiefly sold in Ajaccio.



A DAY'S SPORT: MR. STODGE AFTER THE RABBITS.

The drollery of Comic Art has long since found a congenial theme in the attempts and adventures of clumsy gentlemen ignorant of field sports but ambitious enough to rank among the killing amateurs of what is called game. A Mr. Stodge, who may be a distant cousin of the well-remembered Mr. Briggs, appears in one of our pages "after rabbits." It is not, perhaps, the highest style to go forth with a gun, a ferret, and a spade, for the purpose of worrying the poor little

animal out of its burrow, and shooting it when seen; but Mr. Stodge is content with modest undertakings. His boy, carrying the spade and the ferret-box, knows the haunts of the rabbits and many of their holes, which he has watched for months past in hopes of earning a few shillings from Mr. Stodge. Under this guidance, our stout friend is soon brought where he has an excellent chance of "potting" one or more of the lively little beasts which are

frisking almost between his feet. Their bewildering multitude, however, disconcerts his aim; he is just a little frightened. The rabbits, with better excuse for their fear, have run into their burrows, and now comes the boy's turn to send in his ferret, which ought, in a few minutes, to drive the rabbit out into the open field. It is sometimes necessary, however, to use the spade and dig into the burrow, as the rabbit will often defend its stronghold with great fortitude and

valour. The expedient of holding the ferret attached by a line is not always found advantageous. The cord may break, or be bitten through, and is likely, in any case, to interfere with the subterranean movements of the ferret. Mr. Stodge, pulling at it rather impatiently when it has, perhaps, got fixed by a stone, feels it give way in his hand, and, losing his own balance, tumbles backward. He then resorts to the trick of listening at the mouth of the rabbit-burrow, to learn what is going on in the nether world. The ferret, having made a private arrangement with the rabbit, begins to remember the boy and Mr. Stodge, and returns to the opening, to see whether they have gone home; but, finding a human ear within reach, is tempted to lay hold upon it. This painful incident, as the reader may well suppose, is accepted as a termination of the day's sport, which has not been dull, at any rate, nor quite unproductive of game. But Mr. Stodge is often unconscious that the boy is making game of him.

ART NOTES.

The Burlington Fine-Arts Club is exhibiting a collection of drawings of architectural subjects by deceased British artists. The display, which is far more interesting than might be supposed, includes works by Turner and the early water-colour painters, David Roberts, Joseph Nash, and other artists nearer our own day, the more strictly architectural draughtsmen, Professor Cockeral, T. Allom, G. E. Street, and many others.

Messrs. Tooth have added a collection of water-colour drawings to their exhibition in the Haymarket of oil paintings already reviewed. The most interesting item is the exquisite water-colour version, by F. Walker, of his memorable "Harbour of Refuge." There is also a small early illustration by the artist. Another feature of the show is formed by examples of the Parisian favourites, Louis and Maurice Leloir, J. C. Vibert, and others. The remaining drawings are by living artists of repute, mostly English, and a few deceased painters, such as David Cox, E. Duncan, G. Dodgson, &c.

At Mr. McLean's adjacent Gallery is being shown a picture by W. H. A. Sleight, "The Lawn at Sandown Park," in the height of the London season.

In King-street Mr. Lefevre is exhibiting the latest picture by Rosa Bonheur, "The Lord of the Herd"—the head and shoulders, life-size, of a magnificent bull, worthy in every way of the eminent artist. Also an elaborate example of Alma Tadema of good quality, "The Parting Kiss," which we have seen before.

At the neighbouring St. James's Gallery Mr. Mendoza has lately opened an "exhibition of high-class pictures by British and foreign artists." A little gem by Vineia and clever works by other Italian artists; "A Pegged Down Fishing-Match," the best work by Dendy Sadler we have seen, with samples of other popular English artists. And a couple of drawings by Burne Jones, "The Annunciation" and "The Nativity," are among the attractions.

Mr. Whistler has made an exhibition (at Messrs. Dowdell's, Bond-street) of some sixty studies and sketches of his, all of the smallest and slightest. Instead of depositing these little impressions and suggestions of figures, landscape or marine bits, old houses and what not, in a portfolio for future use in serious work, as any other artist would have done, the precious fragments are solemnly announced as "Notes, harmonies, nocturnes"; frames of strange metallic lustres enshrine them; the room they are in, and even the poor attendant, are transfigured into "an arrangement in flesh colour and grey;" and oracular utterances precede their mystic titles in the catalogue under the heading "L'Envoie"—which, however, might seem to argue total ignorance of the purpose and application of the word. Nevertheless, the peculiar charm of genuine artistic sketches are here in very uncommon degree; the slightest hint among them is delightful, so far as it goes; but it must be remembered that it goes a very little way. The selective faculty to which is due Mr. Whistler's success in etching is always apparent.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The worst of the American crisis is now apparently over, though it is quite likely that there may for a time be additional explosions of minor importance. Our own figure has throughout been one to be proud of. Contrary to usual experience, we have not been carried away by our fears, and thus added loss to loss. We have throughout been composed; and, as money with us has been abundant and cheap, large further purchases of American securities were made at every stage. On these purchases a considerable profit has already accrued; and though, as has been said, there may be further scares and consequent reactions, nothing seems likely to occur to make these purchases other than permanently advantageous. Some authorities are harping upon the inferior traffics of American railways as against prices; but is it not the case that the prices now current are greatly below the worst traffic experiences so far gone through? Everyone will admit the depression of all American railway business, but no one who has gone through similar periods can doubt that in due course there will be a revival.

Ordinary stockholders of the Mexican Railway Company, Limited, are to receive 2 per cent dividend for the second half of 1880, making 6 per cent for the year. It is curious to note how short-lived has been the degree of prosperity which has excited so much speculation. For 1879 only the first preference was paid. For 1880 the second preference dividend was also paid, and 5 per cent was received by the ordinary shareholders. For 1881 the ordinary dividend was 7½ per cent, and for 1882, 11½. For 1883 it is, as just stated, 6 per cent. During this experience the company's ordinary stock, from being 24 in 1880, 100 in 1881, and 149 in 1882, is now 34. The preference stocks have also fluctuated considerably. The first preference rose in 1880 from 87½ to 131, in 1881 touched 139, and in 1882 152, while it is now 90. The second preference in the same time rose from 55 to 114, and is now 50. It is well known that the extraordinary prosperity which culminated in 1882 was due to the carriage of material for the construction of rival railways, and it is no less certain that the directors did not with sufficient persistence make known the temporariness, or worse, of this welcome addition to revenue, and that very much of the blame for the gambling and loss in these stocks during the past four years should be on their shoulders.

Canadian loan companies do a large business with Scotch and English investors, issuing debentures to them at 4 to 5 per cent. The money so obtained is lent out in Canada at rates which permit of the companies paying good dividends, and accumulating very large reserves against bad times. Twenty-one purely Canadian companies are well known to us. They have debentures out to the amount of £5,362,000, and they have a working capital of £3,000,000. They pay dividends ranging generally from 8 to 10 per cent, in one case the rate being 13, and only in one instance as low as 6, while the average is 8½. Besides paying these rates, the undivided profits in hand amount to no less than £873,000. In addition to these companies there are five purely British companies who do a loan business in Canada. They have together a capital paid up of £605,000, and debentures to the amount of £2,039,000. Their dividends range from 6 to 10 per cent, and the undivided profits amount to £200,000. But the average result of the operations of the British companies is inferior to that of the Canadian companies. This is the result, no doubt, of the increased cost and difficulty of managing a business from such a great distance.

Mr. Henry Rudolph Reichel, of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been elected Principal of the North Wales University.

A circular has been sent on behalf of the Early Closing Association to a large number of clergy and ministers of various denominations in the metropolis, soliciting their aid in abolishing the present practice of late shopping, which, unnecessary as it is in a vast majority of cases, is the means of inflicting great hardships and privations upon the shop assistants.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

It appears to us that the Derby is scarcely exciting so much interest as usual this year; still, if the present beautiful weather continues, there is sure to be as large a muster as ever on Epsom Downs next Wednesday. With no really good animal in the race except Queen Adelaide, there is pretty sure to be a good muster at the starting-post, and the field may be made up of the following:—Queen Adelaide (Archer), Harvester (Webb), Talisman (Cannon), St. Médard, Bedouin (G. Barrett), Bonnie Charlie, Borneo, Brest, Campanile (Giles), Condor (Morgan), Loch Ranza (Watts), Richmond (C. Loates), Hopeful Dutchman, St. Gatien (Wood), Sevenoaks, Waterford (J. Osborne), Wickham (Rossiter), and Wild Thyme. These are all pretty sure to start, and, amongst the doubtful division, we may place Beauchamp, Camlet, Doncaster Cup, Edison (Luke), and Sir Reuben. In assigning jockeys to the three in Jewitt's stable we have merely acted "on suspicion," for nothing is definitely known at the time of writing, but whatever may be finally settled, it cannot be denied that Sir John Willoughby has a wonderful chance of leading back a Derby winner at "the first time of asking."

The great event in the cricketing world during the past few days has been the defeat of the Australians by Oxford University. This result was altogether unexpected, and was mainly due to the batting of T. C. O'Brien (92) and M. C. Kemp (not out, 63), the bowling of H. O. Whitby, who took no less than ten wickets for 137, and the grand fielding of B. E. Nicholls, who altogether made seven catches at short slip. Midwinter (45) was the top scorer for the Australians, who were beaten by seven wickets, amidst a scene of wonderful excitement. No less than six freshmen played for the University, and it is evident that Kemp has a very strong team this season. Unfortunately, Surrey could not emulate the example of the Oxonians, but succumbed by eight wickets. At first, the county seemed to have a capital chance, for Bannerman and W. L. Murdoch were each got rid of with the score standing at 12 only. However, H. J. H. Scott (71) came to the rescue with a very careful innings, and as J. Shuter (28) and Abel (35) were the only Surrey men to get into double figures, a follow-on was necessitated. Thanks to M. P. Bowden (32), E. J. Dover (25), Read (28), and P. H. Morton (not out, 19), the second attempt was better, but it was too late to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Turning to county matches, we note that Surrey has beaten Essex by six wickets. The scoring on both sides was very heavy, W. W. Read (91, and, not out, 57), Abel (93), and Jones (85) doing most for the winners; whilst on the other side H. G. Owen (33 and 69), W. Francis (40), Silcock (56), Regan (40), and J. J. Read (66) all scored freely. The M.C.C. has begun the season in grand form, as, after beating Yorkshire by eight wickets, the club has disposed of Lancashire in a single innings with four runs to spare. W. G. Grace did nothing in the way of scoring in either match, but in the first innings of Lancashire he secured six wickets for 74 runs.

There was a splendid attendance at the London Athletic Club meeting at Stamford-bridge on Saturday last, when W. G. George beat his own record—the best for an amateur—for four miles, by ten seconds. His full time was 19 min. 39.4 sec., which is within four seconds of the time made by White, of Gateshead, in 1863, a performance that has never been equalled before or since. The remaining races do not call for comment.

On Monday last W. J. Peall, who has so rapidly made his way to the front amongst professors of billiards, compiled the extraordinary and unparalleled break of 1889, which was mainly composed of 548 consecutive spot strokes. This (Saturday) evening he will begin a game of 10,000 up with Roberts, who is to give him a start of 2000 points. This will be played at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, and will last all next week. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings next W. Cook and W. Mitchell will play 5000 up, even, at St. James Hall, for £200 a side; so lovers of billiards, who are "up" for the Derby week, will have full opportunities of seeing some grand play.

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

Patron—Her Majesty THE QUEEN.
President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
HEALTH.
Food, Dress, the Dwelling, the School, and the Workshop.
EDUCATION.
Apparatus used in Primary, Technical, and Art Schools.
Two Military Bands will play from Three to Ten p.m., when fine in the Gardens, when wet in the Albert Hall. Organ Recital in the Albert Hall, from Three to Four.
The Gardens and Buildings will in the Evening be Illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lanterns, and Electric Light.
OPEN DAILY, from Ten a.m. to Ten p.m. Admission, One Shilling on Every Week Day, except on Wednesdays, when it will be 2s. 6d.
Season Tickets, price £1 1s., are available for the whole term of the exhibition, and the Closing Ceremony in connection therewith, and admit to the Royal Albert Hall, with the exception of a few reserve days, which will be duly notified. They may be obtained on application to the City Offices, 27, Great Winchester-street, London-wall; at the Offices of the Exhibition at South Kensington, Railway Bookstalls, and the Libraries.
The Exhibition is within a few minutes' walk of the South Kensington and Gloucester-road Stations of the District and Metropolitan Railways.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—Cercle d'Aix-les-Bains.
A Superb Theatre, Concert, Ball, Card, and Billiard Saloons. Military Bands, Fêtes, Italian and French Opéra-Comique. Symphony Concerts, conducted by E. Colonne.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweitzerhof and Lucernerhof. High reputation. Recommended. Always open. Facing steam-boat pier. Near station, Gothard Railway. Lift, American system, at Lucernerhof. HAVSEN FRERES, Prop.

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ROYAL ASYLUM OF ST. ANNE'S SOCIETY.—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, will lay the Foundation-Stone of the Chapel of the New Schools, at Rehill, with Masonic honours, on Wednesday, JULY 9, 1884. Tickets to the ceremony (including lunch, without wine), 15s. each. Ladies and children presenting purses of 25s. and upwards will be entitled to a Life Vote and free admission to the ceremony, and will pay 6s. only for lunch. Tickets to be obtained at the Office, 88, Gracechurch-street, E.C. H. H. EVANS, Secretary.

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MR. HENRY IRVING and Miss Ellen TERRY IN AMERICA.

OPINIONS OF THE NEW YORK PRESS. MR. HENRY IRVING concluded last night one of the most remarkable seasons ever made by an actor in America. He has gained and held the attention of the theatre-going public to an extent that cannot be explained, except on the ground that he fully deserved it. Whatever success he met, peculiarly has been honestly earned, for although his name had long been familiar to patrons of the drama, so that he did not come to us as a surprise, no one in his profession has been heralded by so little systematic puffing or has personally been more modest and retiring. Our country has already been indebted to Irving for the hearty personal and professional hospitality which he extended to American actors visiting London. The debt has recently been made much larger, not only by his own acting, but by the benefit he has conferred on the American stage by showing that a leading actor need not be afraid to be supported by as good a company as can be engaged, and that no detail of dress, scenery, or performance is so trifling as to justify carelessness. In payment for all of this Mr. Irving will have to accept what he already should feel abundantly paid for—the lasting esteem of all our intelligent patrons of the stage.—NEW YORK HERALD.

LAST night, at the Star Theatre, in presence of a numerous assemblage, and amidst acclamations of delight, as well as many demonstrations of regret at an impending loss, Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the London Lyceum Theatre company took their farewell of America, and closed the first Irving season in the New World. The success of these distinguished actors in America has been earned, and not merely vouchsafed, and one that rests on merit and not on opinion. Back of the great actor is the lofty, calm, resolute, far-seeing, and always noble mind. True achievement exists by virtue, and not by accident. He cannot be forgotten, and he never can fall in the commanding purpose of his life. Honour goes before him, and affection remains behind. Fortunate for the world, as for the man, that this should be so. The history of the dramatic art at present presents many examples, pitiable and pathetic, of men who have spent long years of toil in intellectual pursuits, and with faculties of a high order; but whose efforts have passed without recognition and without reward. Thrice happy he to whom Nature has vouchsafed the investiture of genius, so that his labour becomes glorified in all eyes with that mysterious radiance of divinity.—THE TRIBUNE.

MR. HENRY IRVING at the Star Theatre last night concluded one of the most remarkable theatrical tours ever made in the United States. His opening performance at once created an interest, which never lagged, but continually increased until the final curtain fell last night upon as great a triumph as has ever been achieved by a foreign actor in this country. Mr. Irving has pursued his course in America so earnestly and so unobtrusively that he has won the respect, if not the affection, of our entire amusement-seeking populace. He has done more than this: he has forced that critical element, which received him most cautiously, to acknowledge its admiration for him; he has put to the blush those who abused him. Mr. Irving has won a glorious victory here, and when he returns next season he will receive a welcome as hearty as the parting last night was affectionate.—NEW YORK TRUTH.

AGAIN Irving is on the sea, and he goes like a king, triumphant in every way, leaving a host of admiring friends behind, and sure of a royal welcome when he reaches England. His last performance was an event. The audience was the largest ever assembled in the Star Theatre. It was representative of the wealth, intellect, and culture of the metropolis; it was thoroughly pleased, and it was extraordinarily enthusiastic. Repeated cheers emphasised Mr. Irving's graceful speech of adieu, and Ellen Terry was called before the curtain. This ends a theatrical tour of great success and artistic triumph, its international cordiality, and its beneficial effects upon the American stage is without a precedent. Miss Ellen Terry has won all hearts. There is no longer a dissenting voice as to Mr. Irving's supremacy as a tragedian, a manager, and a gentleman. No other Englishman has ever received such a royal welcome in this country, and from the President of the United States to the humblest employe of the theatre, everybody whom he has met is his warm personal friend.—THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

IT was a memorable occasion. The house was crowded to the lobby, and enthusiasm ran high. Mr. Irving's parting speech was in excellent taste—a model of what such a speech should be. The good effects of Mr. Irving's visit to America will show themselves sooner or later, if, indeed, they have not already been felt; and we owe him a debt of gratitude, which we will try to discharge when he returns next fall.—THE CHITIC.

ON this occasion, which had unusual importance and brilliancy, Mr. Irving bade farewell to the American public. The theatre was overflowing with the audience, and displayed enthusiasm on the slightest provocation. Mr. Irving was called a dozen times to the front of the curtain, and Miss Terry received her part of public approbation after the fourth act of "Much Ado About Nothing."—NEW YORK TIMES.

MR. HENRY IRVING and his company faced a most brilliant audience last night at their farewell performance in the Star Theatre. He chose for his closing night the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," the fourth act of "Louis XI.," the third act of "Charles I.," and the fourth act of "Much Ado About Nothing," and throughout the evening he and Miss Terry received the warmest applause. As the curtain fell on the audience to the last night of his visit, and finally compelled Mr. Irving to speak.—THE SUN.

THE proudest triumph of Mr. Irving is that he has grown on us. I think we may all join (L'envoi) in wishing Mr. Irving many happy returns of the same. His season here has done something more than win our admiration: it has commanded our respect. He has swept us back to the possibilities of the old art, and shown us what can be done in a modern and worthy drama when we have a high purpose and a conscientious regard for the means. I am sure that all true admirers and well-wishers of the stage will be glad to see him back.—NEW YORK WORLD.

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DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

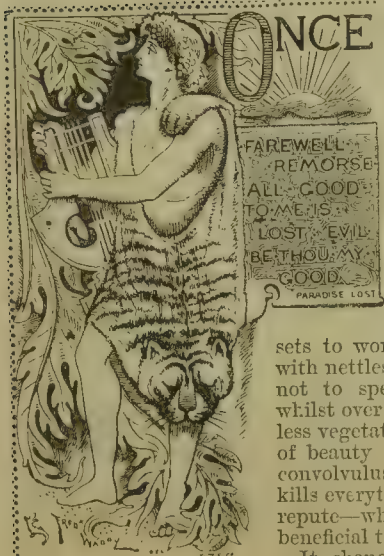
Ruth went to see who the late-comer might be.

BERNA BOYLE.

BY MRS. J. H. RIDDELL,

AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "THE SENIOR PARTNER," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.



ONCE THE soil is ripe, no labourer need ever stand still for lack of evil seed to cast into the ground. Just as in a waste piece of land there is scarcely a weed which may not be found flourishing and taking all virtue out of the earth, so when temptation finds a waste corner in a man's soul lying fallow it immediately sets to work to fill it choke-full with nettles and docks and thistles, not to speak of meaner plants, whilst over all the worse than useless vegetation it throws a glamour of beauty in the shape of wild convolvulus, which as it spreads kills everything tender and of fair repute—wholesome to the taste, beneficial to the soul.

It chanced thus with Gorman Muir. He knew—none better—that an enemy was planting tares in a field where luxuriant wheat should have been springing. He knew full well he had entered the service of that master who exacts such cruel labour, and, spite of all his promises, returns such

wretched wages. He knew he was going as hopelessly wrong as a human being can go—there was nothing about his state he did not know. Yet he did not stretch out a hand to pluck up the weeds which were springing so fast. He said it was fate. Day by day he accepted more fully the doctrine of predestination, he exaggerated his own helplessness—a mere reed shaken by the wind, he over-rated the strength of circumstances, he talked to himself concerning "destiny" as though he had no power to arrest or mould his own.

With vehement anger, he at first negatived his father's suggestion; but by degrees, and not slow degrees either, the idea became familiar to him. Seed! Why, the birds of the air seemed to drop it as they flew. No one allowed him even to try to forget Berna Boyle. His boon companions made a standing jest of the great repulse he had received. Even when no word was spoken, he felt people were thinking of the girl who would have nothing to do with him. Wherever and whenever he met Mr. Garnsey, that gentleman had a joke or a jeer ready for the occasion.

"How is she?" he would ask, in a confidential whisper; "any sign of a thaw yet? No! What a long and bitter frost." "You don't want to speak on the subject." "You won't mention the subject." "My good soul, people may as well gossip before your face as behind your back." "Why don't you leave the country—it is simple madness for you to stop here; but if you must stop, don't go on exhibiting yourself in the character of a disconsolate lover. There is nothing women despise so much." "You ought to have refused to take her 'No,' which, by-the-way, I dare say she meant you to read as 'Yes.'" "What! still mooning about with your heart on your sleeve—hide it, man, hide it—all the daws of the parish are pecking the poor little thing." "Haven't you managed yet to drown that rascal Cupid in champagne? It does require

an enormous sea to cover so small a body." "Cheer up, Muir, cheer up. The day must come when you will thank God the lady was obdurate. I am beginning to believe now we were all mistaken, and that your unfortunate attachment was for the mother. If it had been for the unsophisticated daughter I am sure you might have won her long ago. You don't know how to make love, Mr. Gorman, and that is a fact. Come to school with me, and I'll soon teach you how to snare your bird."

As for Bell, her remarks fell on Gorman's heart like acid on a sore. She took a practical and prosaic view of the position. To her Miss Boyle was no angel, heroine, or damsel of romance. "She is nothing to make a song about," said Bell. "What you ever saw in her gets over me. I wonder to see you going about as you do. You mind me of a sulky child sitting with its finger in its mouth because it is denied something would hurt it. You've had a good miss of the girl, if you could only think it. What do you want with a useless fine lady for your wife who hasn't two halfpenny pieces to rub together? Somebody who would bring money in her hand, and know how to take care of it afterwards, would be far more fitting. If the old man hadn't brought you up with such notions, but had taught you to behave yourself, it would have been telling you and everybody belonging to you. I wouldn't let Miss Boyle have the satisfaction of thinking you're vexed; once she saw you not caring, laughing and talking, and sticking to your work, it would be her turn to feel sick and sorry. She'll never repent not taking you but once, and that will be always. The day'll come, and that before long, when she'll be sitting fine and lonely, supping sorrow with the spoon of grief."

"Quit that," Gorman would answer, flinging out of the room.

He was fast growing desperate. Never a day passed without his father dropping some word which bore reference to how "easily the thing might be done."

"Anybody would think Scotland was America, and the Channel wider than the Atlantic! Why, you could get her out for a pleasant sail, and be married and back again before the mother missed her."

"A likely thing she would go pleasuring with me when she won't even speak when we meet," retorted Gorman.

"Well, well; if you are so faint-hearted I can't help it. I only know, if it was my case, she'd have been Mrs. Muir long since. I wouldn't say a word if I didn't know she likes you. I wouldn't take any woman to wife against her wish."

"I tell you it is of no use trying to tempt me. I wouldn't do her a wrong to be made a king."

"Who is talking of doing wrong? I am not. How can a man act fairer by a woman than marrying her?"

"You know she won't marry me."

"I think the matter might be put to her in such a way she'd be glad to marry you. However, take your own course. I have told you what I should do; but that is neither here nor there."

A man of Gorman Muir's temperament might have remained proof against these and such like suggestions had there been no traitor in the citadel of his own heart.

It was from there, however, the real temptation came. He had enervated his moral sense by plunging into excess after excess, each one of which left his powers of resistance more weakened and shattered. Honestly, he believed that in the deepest recesses of Berna's nature the fair sweet violets of a first love were blooming for him. He thought of the night when they met in the tender mysterious twilight—of the shy grace of her manner in those early interviews before he spoke of his affection; he recalled her every word, the thrilling melody of her voice, the turn of her head, the fathomless blue of her eyes, the tell-tale blushes, the sweet lips, the soft curves of her young figure, and felt he could not resign her.

"I would make you so happy—so happy, my darling," he thought. "I would lead a new life. I would be worthy of you. Oh God! if Thou would'st only give me this one blessing I would turn from the evil of my ways and sin no more."

It was a bitter struggle, and one for which he had not strength. He could not stand the siege. Any person might have been certain that unless he left the country he could never conquer the enemies marshalled against him. There were the foes encamped without; but a worse foe was hidden within—imagination. In fancy he sketched the details of the flight across the sea; he thought of all he should say to her—of all she might say to him. He would tell her how everything he had done was done for love of her. He would open his heart to her as he had never yet opened it. She would pardon—she would yield. And then he roused himself from his fantasy, and looked out on the cold drear reality of his actual existence, looked out, and like one roused from some blissful dream, closed his eyes again, and strove—generally with success—to woo back the dear vision once more.

As suddenly as he rushed into dissipation he withdrew from it. Long solitary rides, walks across the hills, hours spent scudding before the wind with the swish of the waves lulling his waking dreams—this is how he spent his days, while he told himself he was wrestling with temptation. And all the time he knew perfectly well he had taken the bantling to nurse, and that it was growing in strength and stature to a size he would not be able to resist. Fairy music was never sweeter than that borne to his ear on the gale. In the watches of the night he formed his plans; he dreamt his dreams; he was loved, happy, successful; and though the morning might dawn cold and grey, from behind the clouds the sun of fancy always came forth warming the autumnal landscape and bathing the whole earth with a glory which clothed the bare October fields in the verdure and freshness of May.

All this time he saw nothing of Berna. She had ceased attending church. He never met her in the village, but he knew she was better and at home; much alone there also. Mrs. Boyle about that period spent her life in what Mrs. Pim called one "continual gad." None of her friends could complain of being neglected; like the little busy bee, she was here and there and everywhere at once.

It seemed to her necessary to explain that Berna had stopped the marriage, but she refrained from stating how.

"I always knew she would do it," said the widow. "She could not put up with the notion of a step-father. Well, we'll see if she likes teaching better. She has taken the fancy to demean herself that way. I have told her till I'm tired there never was a Vince a governess, or a companion, or anything unbecoming. I have implored her not to bring disgrace on us all by taking a situation. 'If we've only a crust,' I said, 'let us share it, and don't be breaking my heart going out tutoring, as if you had sprung from nothing.' But there, what was the use of speaking at all? You might as well discourse to the wind as to Berna. She's her father all over."

CHAPTER XLI.

Once again Mrs. Boyle was absent from home. Miss Sheill, it is true, had left Bangor for Belfast; but the Grays, having "made up their minds" to "put up with the dulness for the sake of what they could save," the widow was good enough to cheer their loneliness by frequent visits, principally undertaken to see if she "couldn't light upon a house with plenty of room in it suitable for letting to good families in the summer." Upon these occasions Mrs. Boyle never "took the road" empty handed. A dozen or so of eggs—a pound of fresh butter, a fat hen, which "far more than paid the few mouthfuls she could manage to get down," were her contributions to the Gray larder. She never was more in earnest than when she stated her anxious desire to "get suited." She wanted to leave Clear Stream at once. "We've never had a day's luck since we went there," she said to Mrs. Gray; "and we might fall in with a house we'd get for nothing, or next to nothing, here through the winter; and I could be putting things right and getting straight before the fine weather comes." This was Mrs. Boyle's ostensible reason for wishing to get "clean away" from Clear Stream; but Berna knew what her mother desired was to secure the furniture sent there by Mr. Vince.

"I would not put it past him," she observed to Ruth, "to say I must leave every stick there is in the house, and though the whole lot wouldn't fetch four pounds, there's many a thing would be useful to me and Tilda Sheill. You'll come along with us, won't you, Ruth; though you're not fit for hard work you could dust, and answer the door, and see no waste was going on, and we'd never miss your bite and sup. What do you think?"

Ruth smiled a strange, shrewd smile as she answered, "I'll go with you, Mistress, if you want me. Though I am not as young as I was once, there is a power of outcome in me still; and, supposing you were taken ill, I think you would like better one you know beside you than another that might be a stranger."

"Ill?" repeated Mrs. Boyle. "Who's going to be ill?"

Not me! I've the best of constitutions, and there's never been a thing serious the matter with me since I had scarlet fever, when I was five years of age."

Ruth smiled again. She remembered that attack of scarlet fever and the number of "teens" to which Mrs. Boyle had then attained.

"And with all my heart," she said. "I hope, Mem, you'll keep your health, and be long as well as you're now."

"What would hinder me keeping my health?" asked Mrs. Boyle, pettishly; "and, I'm sure, for spirit you might search Ireland over and not find my equal. Many a one would have been broken-hearted at the treatment I've met with; but you can't say you ever saw me sitting down and making a moan."

"You've held up wonderful," said Ruth, submissively.

"I never was one to lie down and let people tramp over me. I mind well what my poor father used to say—'Care killed the cat'; and what's the use of fretting? 'A pound of grief won't pay an ounce of debt.' Look at Berna, now; she'll be an old woman before she's a young one. Dull!—ditch water is lively to her! And the ways she has got, and the notions. Fancy her bringing disgrace on us all by going as companion to an old sailor's widow. Ha! you'd never in my youngest days have seen me doing the like of that now, Ruth, would you?"

"You're right there, Mem," agreed Ruth; "nobody wise could ever have evened it to you that you would have accompanied the wife of an Admiral; but I am not so sure, mistress, it is altogether so bad a notion for Miss Berna. You see she isn't like you; she prefers quiet, and a settled way of living; and, as you have often told me, she has nothing to look to when you are gone, it's, maybe, best she should begin to earn her bread now."

"I never heard the match of you, Ruth, never. Anybody listening to you and not seeing me would think I was an old withered woman; I only wish Berna may have as good a chance of living as I have. Many a time I feel as if I'd bury her; and perhaps it would be just as well, for what she'd do without me it is beyond my imagination to conceive."

"I don't know, I am sure," said Ruth, reflectively; "she's a fond creature, and would miss you sore."

"But she's not going to have to miss me," declared Mrs. Boyle.

"I hope not, Mem. Lord give you length of days, and health to enjoy them; but there's nothing surer than that we must all die some time."

"Many a one has lived to five times my age," went on the widow, who felt that such perennial youth as hers ought to prove an exception even to the universal rule.

"So I have heard," answered Ruth, thinking of the Patriarchs.

"I do consider it is very hard upon me," said Mrs. Boyle, "to have a child so headstrong and obstinate about her own way as Berna; but I suppose it's my fault, always giving in to her from the time she was an infant in arms. What the Boyles needed among them was a terment instead of a young soft creature, tender as a kid, and meek as Moses. But there! what's the good of looking back and crying over spilt milk that an Atlantic Ocean full of tears couldn't put back in the jug. To my notion, it's best always to be gay and lightsome. As my father used to remark, 'You'll be merry, Milly, when you're as old as Methuselah.'"

"And he'd a way himself of smiling back at trouble, no matter how black she frowned," replied Ruth, who had her own reasons for keeping Mrs. Boyle in good humour.

"Ay, where would you find his like?"

"I can't tell, Mem. I never met with one of the same before or since—I have got as much in this bag now as I think can be packed away. Will I fill the other, or?"

"I'll only need the one, Ruth. It's not my intention to stop away more than a week at the outside. Berna'll want all the help I can give her, if she's to go decent to Newry. Have I my bonnet on straight?"

"It couldn't be better, Mem. It sets you beautiful."

"Tho' it's black, and black never did become me like colours! But of all the mercies, Ruth, it is to be rid of that heavy crape veil that weighed on me like a mountain! Berna would have been pleased had I gone on disguising myself in it for ever. It's all very well for her now, but when she comes to be—that is, if she ever gets married—a desolate widow, she'll know the odds, and that widows need all the enlivening they can get if they're to live their lives at all. Do you mind Mrs. McCann, Ruth, and the way she went on about her first husband till she passed all chance of getting a second? Many's the time I've laughed to myself thinking about her."

And, thinking about Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Boyle laughed once more. Indeed, the remarkable contrast between herself and that lady so tickled her that she bade good-by to Berna in the sunniest of moods, and all the way to the station talked to Ruth with a tempered equality which should have proved most gratifying to any one possessed of a well-regulated mind.

Mrs. Boyle's discourse might have induced any stranger to believe all her halcyon hours were spent before she ever met Ulick Boyle.

The shilling she in those days wrested from the reluctant pockets of Samuel Vince and exchanged for Kitty Linden's raspberry puffs, and white muslins and sashes wherewith to entrap youths sillier than any bird, might, judging from her talk, have been thousands of golden guineas. The giggling girls, the shy and awkward suitors of her earlier life, she referred to with rapturous delight.

"It was my foolish marriage damped me," she declared.

"O dear, a dear! and didn't I think myself the made woman when I got Ulick Boyle. Little I deemed the life was before me. He never could bear me look at a man, let alone speak to one. I had better have gone into a convent at once. And then to leave me without a shilling on which to enjoy my widowhood. Berna's as like him as two peas in a pod. She's all against the notion of a lodging-house. She wants me to try and live, or rather try and starve, on sixty pounds a year, if ever you heard the like. I wonder she doesn't take shame to herself, remembering that's all I've got. And she says she'll give me the most of what she can earn, as if I'd have it off her; besides which she'll be out of place more than half her time, as I told her—if you can't agree with me, how do you expect strangers will put up with you?"

Over all these utterances Ruth pondered as she wended her way back to Clear Stream. "Likely it is just as well the mistress has got the fancy for taking a house. Between us, Miss Shiell and me might manage to please the lodgers, and there would be always a roof for Miss Berna to creep under. The poor master! if he only knew his child had to earn her bread."

"I feel very content, Nurse," said the girl, when Ruth said something in the way of lamentation to her. "I try hard to please mamma, but you see I fail completely. She will be happier without me, and I shall be better away. I wish I could like her friends, but I cannot."

"I don't wish you could do anything of the sort, dear. They are not fit for you to associate with. They are very well in their way but not your way. Now if you tell me what

your dresses want doing to, I can get through a heap of work while the mistress is away. She is going to stop at Bangor for a week."

Five days of that week slipped rapidly by. Berna and her nurse sewed diligently, and at length every article was ready, and most of her boxes packed. On Saturday evening, after she had finished tea, the girl sat beside the fire looking, by the light of one candle, over the few treasures she possessed.

They were contained in a miniature trunk, covered in morocco leather, and ornamented with brass plates, and comprised, besides some jewellery of trifling value, two or three books, letters from the Dowager and Ulick Boyle, and a packet of papers tied together with a piece of black ribbon. These Berna laid aside while she burnt, without re-reading, all her kinswoman's correspondence. Thoughtfully she watched the last sheet of paper ignite, flare fiercely, and finally die out. Then, one by one, she lingered over the lines traced by a hand long cold. There was an indescribable tenderness even in the way she touched the paper—a pathetic sadness in her young face.

The whole past seemed brought by a mighty wave and laid at her feet. Events half forgotten—sorrows, hopes, pleasures, fears—were strewed around, borne from the wreck of her early life, and scattered in mournful disorder on the lonely shore of her troubled heart—playful allusions which once provoked smiles were now read through a mist of tears—pet names, loving words, gentle advice, devoted attachment, a faith in her which was beyond expression, the clinging to the one thing in life that had power to soothe a bruised and broken in spirit, came back as from the dead.

Reverently the girl laid the letters on the fire, and as the last blackened morsel fluttered up the chimney she covered her face and wept.

There is nothing in life so hard to bear as a joy which has turned to pain. But Berna, sitting solitary, felt there was no bitterness in her pain—she had not a thought connected with her father save what was good and beautiful. He had been foolish, and he bore his punishment like a man. The fault was his own, and he never blamed the wife he married for utterly failing to make him happy. "I cannot bear the trouble as he did," thought the poor girl. "Oh! mother, I wish I could," and she cried on till some of the sorrow was drained from her soul, and the passion of regret for her father's lost existence had spent itself in tears. The wind was moaning and muttering round the house—at intervals heavy rain pelted against the windows—the house was utterly silent—not a sound broke the stillness which reigned within. Never before had Berna felt so desolate as when she took up the last packet of papers and untied the string.

They were letters—manuscripts, rather—from Gorman Muir. She began to read them, but was forced to abandon the attempt; her blinded eyes refused their office, her heart grew sick and faint as she thought of the man she loved with all her strength, yet had resolved never to marry—"never, never, never," she said, rising and dropping the papers into the glowing turf fire, the heat of which was no fiercer than the raging flame which sometimes burnt with uncontrollable fury in Gorman's breast.

She stretched forth her hand to rescue one of the letters, but drew it back again.

"No; they shall all go," she murmured; and she stood silent while the passionate words, illumined for a moment by the flame, shrivelled to powder and were gone.

At that moment a loud single knock resounded through the quiet house. It was an unusual thing for anyone to come to Clear Stream Cottage, especially after dark; and Berna, startled, opened the sitting-room door, while Ruth went to see who the late comer might be.

"It is a note for you, Miss Berna," she said. "Step inside," she added, to the messenger; who, stepping in as requested, stood in the hall, a long whip in one hand and his hat in the other.

"We're going to have a rough night, I'm afraid," he observed to Ruth.

"It looks like it," she answered. "You're grey and wet."

"I am that," answered the man, "and the dumb beast's worse."

"Ruth, Ruth!" cried Berna, "this note is from Mr. Gray. Mamma has met with an accident. I must go to her at once."

"Not at this time of the night, surely, Miss?"

"Yes, Mr. Gray says they hope it will not much signify; but my mother wants me, and he has sent a covered car over. Fetch my bonnet and shawl, Nurse; I'll be ready in a moment," she added, turning to the driver. "Do you know how mamma met with the accident?"

"No, Miss, I do not; the gentleman only gave me that note, and told me to make all the haste I could with it. He knows me well; I've driven him often. He said you'd likely come back with me."

"Will your horse be fit to return at once? He must be very tired."

"Tired is it, Miss? He doesn't know what tiredness is. I'd like to hear him, telling me he was tired. Up hill and down dale, it's all one to him. He's not so extraordinarily fast, but he's sure; he can do his forty mile a day and never put himself out."

"I won't keep you a moment, then," said Berna.

"I'd best go with you, Miss," suggested Ruth.

"There's lashins of room," said the driver.

"I'll just put on my other gown and change my shoes—and give my face a rub."

"You had better not come," interrupted Berna; "it might be inconvenient; and, besides, I should like you to stop here and have everything comfortable, in case I am able to get mamma home."

"I can take you both, and welcome," said the man.

"No; I shall go alone," decided Berna, wrapping a shawl round her figure and opening the hall door. "Good-by, Ruth; light a fire in mamma's room. If I should want you, I will send over in the morning. Now we can start," she said to the driver; and, followed by the man, she hurried out into the darkness.

Rushing into the kitchen, Ruth seized a cloak and ran after her young mistress.

"Miss Berna; Miss Berna, dear, for any sake, wait a minute. I'll go with you just as I am." The wind beat back the words in her face. "Miss Berna," she panted, "wait a minute. Don't go off in the dark by yourself. I'm close behind you, darling," and, struggling with the latch of the gate, she reached the lane just in time to hear the driver shout to his horse and the animal start off at a pace which rendered all her efforts to overtake the car unavailing.

CHAPTER XLII.

It was a night without moon or star. The wind, nigh all day, had increased in strength as the darkness deepened, and though its full violence could not be felt in the valley, the moment the car turned up the hill and began to get a little into the open it was met by furious blasts, which occasionally brought the horse to a standstill. The higher they climbed the worse became the weather. Up from the wild sea, where

white horses were tossing their billowy manes and running mad races across the lough, to Craiganlet; over the sparsely inhabited country which stretches thence to Bangor and Donaghadee, the storm came rushing. Then, after pausing one moment on the hill-top as if to take breath, it swooped down past Sunnyside and Ardilaw, strewing the ground with twigs and wrestling with the old trees that had seen so many days of summer, and survived such awful winter weather.

At first entirely absorbed in imagining what could be the matter with her mother, and wondering how she would find her, Berna did not pay much heed to the war raging around; but when the low land was left behind, and the shelter afforded by the woods around Ardilaw passed, she could close her ears no longer to the noise of the rising tempest, and in the darkness she sat in one corner of the car and shivered.

The very angel of destruction might have been abroad that night riding in his chariot of cloud and storm over the land. The wind rushing down the hillside struck with thuds against the car, in the same way wherewith giant, though invisible, hands might have dealt it successive blows. More than once the panting horse was drawn sideways across the road, in which position he could halt better than seemed possible with his nose in the teeth of the wind; but at last even this resource was abandoned. The driver himself got down, and, taking the creature's head, laboriously led him, by means of a toilsome zigzag, to the crest of the ascent.

At that point the gale seemed as if it must rend the travellers. A gust took the conveyance as if with the fixed intention of dashing it to pieces. For a moment, Berna "lost her head," and stretched forth her hand to open the door, meaning to spring out.

Before she could do this, the blast had swept down the hill, the driver was in his seat again, lashing on his horse, and they were spinning towards the sea at a pace that defied the storm, which meeting swept through it. They went down that hill at a gallop which made Berna hold her breath.

"We cannot be long now," she thought, "before we reach Bangor;" but she did not know the lie of the land well; and, what was more to the purpose, she had only the vaguest idea where they were going. On—and still on—a horse three parts bred tearing through the night at the very top of his speed, the car rocking and reeling as they sped along—the tempest roaring, the salt spray, borne inland on its pinions, stinging the driver's face—a deluge of rain pouring down upon the land! Such a night! such a night! In the midst of all her own hurry and trouble Berna found herself marvelling how it was faring with those at sea; and with her prayers for her own parent there mingled supplications that God would be gracious to those maids, and mothers, and children who, like Ruth, when Ruth was young, had a man that night out in the darkness—out amid the storm—out on the cruel, treacherous sea, battling for his life!

The girl did not know in the least where the house lay where her mother was staying; yet it seemed to her that a long, long time was consumed in getting to it.

The night, the storm, the hurry, the darkness, the fright, of course made the way seem both wearier and drearier. Still, an immense amount of ground seemed to have been covered since Clear Stream Cottage was left behind.

Once again they were on low ground, bowling along the level as merrily as the wind and rain would permit. It was a night when a man could scarce have heard himself speak, even had his good lot been cast well inland. But they were now nearing the coast. Berna, standing up and craning her head out of the most detestable conveyance the misapplied ingenuity of man ever invented, could hear afar off the frantic swish, swish of the sea on a rocky coast.

But still they were above the sound which rose to the ear instead of being level with it.

"We cannot be far from the Grays now," decided Berna; and then her driver took a swift turn to the left. She could not see; how the man could see baffled her; the car had no lamps; there was not a light visible on one hand or another, before or behind; the man was driving carefully on the level, with the sea spray dashing against the windows, the wind screaming and howling; the darkness deepening.

Once more the driver got down and led his horse, carefully, as it seemed to Berna, first down an incline and then along a gravelled road beside the raging sea. She knew nothing of where they were going, but she strained her eyes, in vain, to see. Suddenly the man pulled up, the door was opened, a voice said, "Now, if you please, Miss." A blaze of ruddy light fell across the darkness.

"How is my?" began Berna, and then she paused, amazed. Even her dazzled eyes could see the house was a mere fisherman's hut, and that Gorman Muir was standing on the threshold.

"Come in, come in," he said, stretching out his hands as he spoke; "your mother is much better."

Even then she did not understand. Almost without casting a glance to right or left, chilled, numbed, worn out, unsuspecting, she crossed the threshold.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"I will tell you in a moment," Gorman answered, closing the door and shutting out the howling wind and the driving rain.

By the dull red glow of a turf fire Berna could see he was strangely pale. The rich brown of his complexion seemed to have faded to a ghastly white—even his lips were white.

"You are not keeping anything from me?" she asked. "My mother is not dead?"

She was filled with the idea that her mother had been carried to the nearest shelter, and that she lay close at hand.

"No, no," he replied. "I told you she was better."

"Where is she? In there?" and Berna pointed to a door leading to the only other room the cabin boasted.

"No—not there."

Then for the first time a doubt crossed the girl's mind. She did not pause to define it. She only looked around—at the earthen floor—at the bare white walls, lit but by the firelight—at the utter absence of all sign of occupation, before she asked,

"Where is she, and why are you here?"

"I will explain. Let me first light a candle."

Though a vague dread was stirring at her heart, she stood patiently while he did so with a hand which trembled to such an extent he could scarcely hold the match.

"Miss Boyle," he said, "will you forgive me?"

"What have I to forgive?" she inquired.

"The deception that has been practised upon you," he said, slowly.

It seemed to Berna that her very heart ceased beating, yet she found voice to repeat—

"Practised on me?"

"Yes. Your mother, so far as I know, has met with no accident, and is perfectly well. You are now at Groomsport, not Bangor."

"Go on," said Berna, as he paused and hesitated. She was but a girl—only a weak, slight girl who had not yet seen nineteen golden summers; nevertheless, there was power about her, the while she stood expectant, one hand laid flat on the rough deal table, the other hanging by her side.

"I am waiting, Mr. Muir," she observed, "for your explanation."

"You shall have it," he exclaimed impetuously, making a step towards her.

She did not move, she did not raise a finger; but there was that in her face which arrested his intention.

"I cannot go on as I have been doing," he cried; and at the sound of the fierce passion in his voice Berna inwardly quailed. "I can't live without you, and I won't; you must marry me. If this cursed tempest had not upset all my plans, we should have been on our way to Scotland ere now, and man and wife by to-morrow morning."

"Mr. Muir, you are mad," she answered.

"Am I? Then it is you have driven me mad. Till I saw you I was sane as most people."

Just for a moment the firelight wavered and flickered before the girl's eyes—under her feet the ground did not seem quite steady—then taking her fear boldly by the throat, she said,

"I cannot stop here any longer. If you are sure there is nothing the matter with my mother, I will go home at once."

"You shall never return home except as my wife."

"I will never be your wife." She had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and at last he knew she stood at bay.

"That was all very well once, my darling," he retorted; but things have changed a little now."

"I have not changed," she said. "No power on earth could induce me to be your wife."

"We will see."

She did not answer in words: she only moved across the floor steadily, as she might have done had that rude hut been Boyle Court, and the hard bare ground under her feet softest pile, shot back the lock, lifted the latch, and stepped into the howling night.

With an angry smile Gorman watched this proceeding, then, just as she crossed the threshold, he sprang forward, clasped the girl in his arms, and drew her back within the cabin, the wild rain pouring after them through the open door, while a sweeping blast of the mad hurricane extinguished the candle and sent the feathery white turf-dust flying in all directions.

For a moment he could feel her straining like a dog in a leash, then he released her, while, with an effort of strength, he closed the door, shutting out the wind and the wet and the driving spray. He turned the clumsy key in the wards, and drew it from the lock ere he spoke again to Berna.

Could she have uttered a prayer at that moment it had been that the driving storm might beat in the barrier which intervened between herself and liberty.

"Put all ideas of that sort out of your mind," Gorman said, with a grim hardness which, for the first time in all her knowledge of him, reminded Berna of his father. "You shall not leave this house except to step into a vessel which is riding at safe anchorage close by here. When the storm lulls we will go to Scotland, where we can be married at once. There has been fooling enough: it is time all that was ended."

She did not speak a word, she only looked despairingly around; for a moment her glance rested on the fire.

"I know what you are thinking of," he scoffed; "but there is nothing here that will burn."

"No, there is nothing here that will burn, or I would set the place on fire."

"Only to get away from me," he cried. "Berna—Berna, my darling! how hard you are to win, yet what a jewel you will be to wear."

"Do not call me Berna, Sir!"

"Only tell me how to woo you"—and his face grew soft and his tone caressing—"and I will be your slave, your servant."

She took not the slightest notice of what he said; she only resumed her old position by the table—thinking, thinking, thinking—her eyes averted from Gorman, her whole attitude that of proud and determined defiance.

For a time he stood looking at her—looking at the set face, the firm mouth, the wet disorder of her hair, the deadly pallor of her cheeks, and all the evil and all the good of his nature stirred within him.

"Berna," he began at last.

She lifted her eyes, and they flashed as she answered—"I have asked you before, Mr. Muir, not to call me by my Christian name."

"By what name should a man call his wife?" he retorted, stung by the scorn in her voice.

"I am not your wife."

"I look upon you as my wife."

"I will never be your wife—never!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because no man can compel a woman to marry him—you have the power to kill me, but there is no power which could make me marry you."

"Ah, you will think differently about that matter ere long!" and he laughed as one might laugh at the perversity of a child.

"Why should I think differently of it?"

"Do you wish me to tell you?"

"Certainly I do."

He paused a moment before answering—paused as if searching about for an unobjectionable form of explanation—while his eyes uneasily sought hers.

"Well?" she said, and her glance did not waver.

"There are some things," he began slowly, and then stopped.

"There are some things," she repeated, looking at him curiously.

Twice he opened his mouth to answer her, and twice the words died away upon his lips; then, gathering together all his courage, he said, desperately—

"There are some things the most innocent of your sex might be supposed to understand without telling. However, if you must have it, you will marry me as soon as we can get to Scotland because—you have been alone with me here."

There ensued a dead silence. Inside the hut the ticking of Gorman's watch was distinctly audible. Without, the storm raged and raved. The girl remained perfectly still, her cheeks were dyed crimson, and her shamed gaze was bent on the floor. He uttered no syllable. He was waiting to hear what she would say.

At last, after a pause, which seemed to him interminable, she lifted her eyes to his, and asked

"You calculated on this?"

"Of course I did. Why otherwise should I have brought you here?"

"You thought I should be glad to marry you?"

"I believed you loved me; that it was only your pride and coyness stood between us, and that if once I could break down those barriers you would put your hand in mine and say, 'I will be your wife.'"

"I see;" and there ensued another pause, during the continuance of which it might have been thought the gale had determined to strip the roof off the cabin. But Berna did not hear it. In her own heart there was a wilder tempest—in her own soul a more deadly fear than that ever caused by the warring of external nature. She was struggling with an awful terror. She was striving to keep outwardly calm. She

knew if once her courage failed she was lost; and it was hard to speak calmly while every nerve in her body seemed quivering with terror.

"Mr. Muir," she began, and her voice sounded strange even to herself.

"Call me Gorman, dearest."

The word stung her to madness.

"How dare you," she asked, "insult me in this way?" By a tissue of falsehoods, by means of a most scandalous deception, you have brought me here, but you cannot keep me here for ever."

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 21, 1880) of Mr. William Foster, J.P., D.L., late of Harrowins House, Queensbury, Yorkshire, and of Hornby Castle, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 8 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by William Henry Foster and Robert John Foster, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,180,000. The testator leaves an annuity of £2500, charged on his Hornby Castle estate, £5000, and such furniture and effects at Hornby Castle and Harrowins House, to the value of £2000, as she may select, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ellen Foster; £100,000, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income to his wife for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, the capital sum is to be divided between his children by her; he also gives to his wife the option of residing at Hornby Castle for three years, and subsequently at Wray House or Wenning Cottage, as she may elect, free of rent; to his eldest son, William Henry, the remainder of the household furniture and effects at Hornby Castle not selected by his wife, and all the musical instruments, books, plate, ornaments, pictures, china, glass, horses, carriages, live and dead stock at the said castle; to his second son, Robert John, his residence, Harrowins House, with the gardens and pleasure-grounds and certain land adjacent thereto, and also such of the household furniture there as shall not have been selected by his wife; upon trust, for his daughters, Alice Ann and Emma Beatrice, £10,000 each; upon trust, for his son the Rev. Arthur Wellesley Foster, for life, and after his death for his children, as he shall appoint, £70,000; and, in addition, the next presentation to the advowson of Tatham is secured to him; to his son William Henry, £25,000; to his son Robert John, £160,000; to his son Frederic Charles, £120,000; and to his son Herbert Anderton, £110,000. The Hornby Castle Estate, with the properties known as the Wray Estate, Mewith Moor, Burton Manor, Four Stones, Graskholme, and Higher and Lower Crossdale Granes, near thereto, subject to the annuity to his wife for life charged thereon, and also subject to the provision for his son Arthur Wellington having the next presentation of the advowson of Tatham, is devised to his eldest son, William Henry, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his four eldest sons, William Henry, Robert John, Frederic Charles, and Herbert Anderton, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1881), with two codicils (dated Dec. 20, 1882, and Sept. 6, 1883), of Mr. Richard Haworth, J.P., late of Mersey Bank, Didsbury, Lancashire, cotton spinner and manufacturer, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by George Chester Haworth and the Rev. James Sewell Haworth, the sons, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £187,000. The testator bequeaths £500, an annuity of £1000, and the use and enjoyment for life of such of his household stores, wines, furniture, plate, books, pictures, horses and carriages as she may select, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Haworth, in addition to any provision made for her by settlement; £500 to each of his children; £500 each to the Manchester and Salford Hospital Sunday Fund and the Wesleyan Missionary Society; £200 to the Wesleyan Worn-out Preachers Fund; £150 to the stewards of the circuit of which he was a member at the time of his decease; £100 to the Wesleyan Theological College, Didsbury; £100 and an annuity of £200 to Miss Fanny Price, if in his employ or service at the time of his death; and legacies to relatives, Wesleyan ministers, employees of the firm of Richard Haworth and Co., domestic and outdoor servants. In addition, he directs his executor to fulfil the promises he has made towards supplying the funds for building a Wesleyan chapel, and for the sustentation of the minister. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one-seventh each to his sons, George Chester, John Fletcher, Frederick, and James Sewell; one-seventh, upon trust, for the children of his late daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Sewell Daniel, subject to the payment thereout of an annuity to her husband, and also, at his decease, to his present wife; and one-seventh each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Sarah Jane Hacking, and Mrs. Mary Adeline Pearson. The sons are given the option successively, according to seniority, of buying his property at Mersey Bank, and to the son who so purchases he gives his watch, marble bust, portrait in oils, presentation plate and testimonials, to go as heirlooms.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Selkirk, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Jan. 12, 1876), with two codicils (dated April 30, 1878, and June 18, 1879), of Mr. William Brown, of Galahill, Galashiels, manufacturer, who died on Dec. 22 last, granted to Henry Brown, Adam Brown, Alexander Laing Brown, James Brown, and William Brown Paterson Wood, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 17th ult., the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland exceeding £102,000.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1882) of the Hon. William Owen Stanley, Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, late of Penrhos, Holyhead, who died on Feb. 24 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Admiral Sir Edward Southwell Sotheby, K.C.B., Hugh Collin Smith, and John Martin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £78,000. The testator bequeaths £300 each to his executors; £500 to his agent, Thomas Phillipson Elliott; and legacies to his housekeeper, male and female domestic servants, garden man, carters, and others. The Llanfawr estate, in the parish of Holyhead, and some reversionary property in the county of Anglesey, he leaves to his niece Miss Jane Henrietta Adeane, if she is a spinster and residing with him at the time of his decease, for life, then to his niece Dame Lucy Elizabeth Sotheby for life, and then upon the trusts of a certain settlement; the furniture and effects at Llanfawr he gives to Miss Adeane; and the furniture, plate, pictures, and books at Penrhos are made heirlooms to go with the estate. The residue of the personality is to be held, upon trust, for Miss Adeane, for life, subject to the same condition as the Llanfawr estate, then for his niece Dame Lucy Elizabeth Sotheby, for life, and then for his four nephews, William Charles Scott, the Right Rev. Edward Parry, Bishop of Dover, Owen Hugh Smith, and William Sotheby, in equal shares. The deceased was a son of the first Lord Stanley of Alderley.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1882) of Mr. John Henry Parker, C.B., Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by James Parker, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator leaves an annuity of £60 to Rhoda Dicks; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his son James, absolutely.



A MOORISH CRIMINAL TRIAL.

FROM A PICTURE BY T. MORAGAS.

GROSVENOR GALLERY EXHIBITION.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Mr. Richmond's several portraits indicate on the whole a distinct advance. Although still varying considerably in merit, no one has the discrepancies of some former works. The worst that can be said of them is that they seem to be imitative of the style of other artists or the old masters, and to lose proportionately the individuality which is the essence of original art. Among the best are the portraits of Miss Rose and Miss Dora Mirlees and the Hon. R. L. Melville. Other portraits of merit are those of Mrs. George Peck (95), by J. Collier; and of Lord Houghton (68), by R. Lehmann. We should probably also class as portraits "The Little Bookworm" (103), by V. Prinsep; and "Felice" (141), a bust about half-life size, by H. Schmalz—both favourable examples of their respective painters. The last is very brilliant, highly finished, and, we think, preferable to the artist's more ambitious works of the year.

W. H. Bartlett has, besides an excellent marine subject, "Hauling Cauts, North Coast of Cornwall" (78), a very pleasant work, entitled "Soft Persuasion" (24). It recalls, though with a wide difference, the motive of a former picture—children bathing in the shallows of a Venetian lagoon—a girl is trying to induce a younger one to venture farther into the water. The nude figures are well drawn and modelled (though the head of the elder girl seems a little large), and, seen as they are under the effects of open air and of the upward reflections from the water, difficult problems are presented, which are solved with rare freshness of perception and ability. Another noteworthy achievement is J. Story's large picture (212) of the slave Æsop reciting a fable before an amused audience, patrician (including, perhaps, his master) and plebeian. The grasp of character and skilful execution, on this large scale, are full of promise. The work might be more solid; but, on the other hand, it has no affectation. So much cannot be said for the "Atelier du Grandpère" (59)—children in a workshop—by W. Stott, seeing it has the blackness of general tone as well as of the shadows affected by a section of the French school. Apart from this peculiarity, the painting is very true and forcible. S. P. Hall exhibits a spirited picture called "A Descent upon Italy" (94), illustrative of Plutarch representing a Gaul sliding on his shield down an Alpine snow slope. He has also a group of portraits of the Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales (231). A. Moore sends one of his classical draped figures (158). E. M. Hale has also two classical subjects; one (125) showing playgoers taking their seats in a theatre, the other (200) slaves criticising a statue of a Greek running girl, both well conceived and telling in colour. J. R. Reed's "Rival Grandfathers" (35), the effectiveness of which is attained not without coarseness; two subjects from Sestri Levante, in his customary manner, by F. W. W. Topham; "Golden Hours" (151), by J. P. Jacomb-Hood; and works by W. Padgett and Mrs. J. Collier likewise deserve attention. A small portrait of the late D. G. Rossetti, when a young man, by W. Holman Hunt, is so ill-drawn and so little like, that it is difficult to believe the artist could have done so well as he did not long after, for this portrait was evidently painted as a study for "The Light of the World."

In landscape there are several works of mark. Prominent among them is "Meadows by the Avon" (66), by A. Parsons. The effect depicted is of that magic time when, looking towards the eastern sky, a full moon is seen, risen, of palest greenish tinge in contrast with the last flush of a roseate sunset. The

young artist here shows himself to be as impressionable to Nature in her poetic phases as he is a faithful recorder of her more prosaic aspects. Another beautiful rendering of an analogous subject is "Twixt Day and Night" (87), by W. J. Hennessey; here, however, all is grey in the evening mist, consequently the effect is more ethereal and evanescent—decidedly the best picture we have seen by an artist whose feeling is always refined, and whose aim is never vulgar. There is much delicate work, as usual, and, as we need hardly say, in J. W. North's "Over Hedges and Ditches" (186). F. Dicey and E. Barclay also paint, so to say, like gentlemen; they are never obtrusive, and rarely ambitious. By G. Costa, the Italian landscapist, who deals by preference with grey, pearly, and subdued effects there is an excellent example—"St. John Lateran from Villa Mattei" (10). If the painter has been over-rated, this is certainly tender and artistic in an uncommon degree; more so, we think, than anything by him brought together in the exhibition of his works not long ago.

Of a different order of landscape—realistic in aim and containing more or less robust sound and straightforward workmanship—are the "Leaves have their time to fall" (40), by D. Murray; "The fall of the leaf" (52), by W. S. Jay; and the contributions of H. Moore, H. Macallum, K. Halswelle, R. Barrett Browning, and E. H. Fahey. H. Moore's command of his subject and vigorous execution are seen to as much advantage in expressing the planes of level distance on land in the "The Seaweed Harvest" (198) as in his pictures of the open sea. Hamilton Macallum's "Coral Fishing in the Gulf of Salerno" (170) shows his well-known felicity in painting a twinkling dancing sea, and the three felucche with their crews are worthy of their surroundings. It seems incredible that this should have been one of the pictures rejected this year from Burlington House—yet such is the fact. The broad, glassy upper Thames with countless water-lilies, in No. 201, by Keeley Halswelle, is in the artist's best manner; but it looks like a sketch enlarged much beyond the limits required by the subject, or any profundity of treatment brought to it. Why, again, so huge a canvas for so slender a subject as that of No. 12, by R. Barrett Browning? The painting has solid qualities derived from the Antwerp school, but surely a thousand views, more interesting and less angular, could be found in the charming "Valley of the Meuse." Mr. Browning has, however, committed a far grosser error in taste in his statue of Dryope. There is power in the modelling; but would Apollo have assumed the form of a serpent to fascinate a fat, ungainly Flemish vrow? C. Napier Hemy's admirable marine pieces we must be content to name, as also J. T. Nettleship's impressive picture with lions (199). W. Hughes has, besides several of the decorative panels of fruit and flowers in which he excels, a large canvas representing a flock of gulls. The sky and sea are grounded in silver (the latter painted transparently) which yields a refined decorative effect; but is open to the objection that where the ground reflects the light—as it must in parts on this scale—the birds, being painted in opaque white, of course appear leaden against the metallic lustre.

We have not space to dwell on the sculpture, which includes a decorative figure with masks by A. Legros, a bust of Miss Mary Anderson by Count Gleichen, and busts by Miss H. S. Montalba, and T. S. Lee.

Lord Randolph Churchill has been unanimously re-elected chairman of the National Union of Conservative Associations.

A MOORISH CRIMINAL TRIAL.

The picture, by a Spanish artist, Moragas, which is represented by our large Engraving, is a characteristic exhibition of the manner in which justice is administered among the Mohammedan nations of Northern Africa. From the details of costume and personal appearance, some of which are peculiar to the "maghrabins" or Western people of Saracenic race, we should take it that the scene is laid in Morocco. A court of judicial investigation is being held by the Cadi with six competent assessors, one of them an old white-bearded Sheikh, for the trial of a half-naked Arab charged with murder. The judges do not sit upon a Bench, but squat on a sumptuous carpet, while the prisoner lies on the rough stone pavement, with his hands fastened in two holes in a heavy wooden machine, constructed on the same plan as that of a pair of stocks for the feet. The principal witness for the prosecution seems to be giving evidence, and pointing to a blood-stained "abayah," the cotton garment worn by the deceased when he was killed, which is pierced with terrible gashes by the murderer's knife. Several officers of the military guard, on horseback, are in attendance to preserve order in the court, and one is beating back, with his stick, the crowd of spectators thronging too near the judges. The architectural ornamentation of the palace gate and windows is accurately drawn, and the picture may be pronounced an excellent work of art.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"St. George's Te Deum," by Sir G. A. Macfarren (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). This work was composed expressly for the inauguration of the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace on April 23. As already recorded by us, the solos were sung by Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and Mr. Santley, specialties having been the charming soprano air "Vouchsafe, O Lord," exquisitely rendered by Madame Albani; the baritone solo, "Thou art the King of Glory," and that for contralto, "We therefore pray Thee"—assigned respectively to Madame Patey—and the trio for all the soloists, "O Lord, save Thy people." The choruses are bold and vigorous, with some skilful fugal writing, the final movement being interspersed with phrases of our National Anthem given out by the brass instruments. An international tone is bestowed on the work by the introduction, in the orchestral prelude, of the Austrian, Russian, and Danish National Hymns; and our own "Rule Britannia." The "Te Deum" has merit beyond that of having served its ephemeral purpose. The same publishers have also issued "The Cherries are Ripe"—Harvest Hymn, composed by Sir Julius Benedict, for soprano solo and chorus of female voices—an impressive piece of choral harmony produced for the play of "Claudian" at the Princess's Theatre.

"Lead Kindly Light, Evensong" (Marriott and Williams), is a setting by Katharine Rowley, of words of solemn import, written by Cardinal Newman. The music happily expresses the serious sentiment of the text, being of a hymn-like character, replete with flowing melody such as may be realised by voices of the most moderate compass.

"Science and Singing," by Lennox Browne (Chappell and Co.), is a treatise by a distinguished surgeon, who has written some valuable works on the voice and throat in reference to their functions in singing and speaking. The pamphlet now referred to is based on a lecture delivered by the author, and contains matter well worthy the attention of all vocalists and orators.

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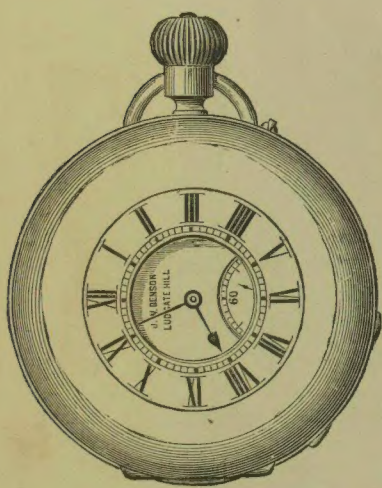
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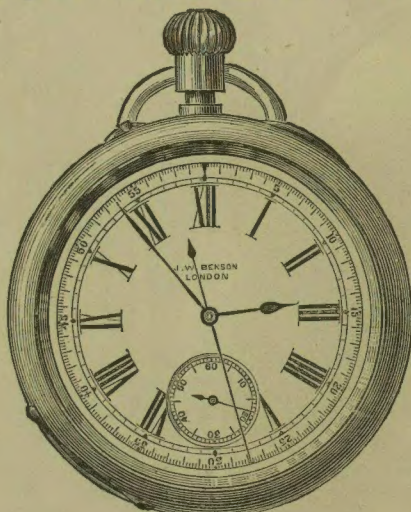
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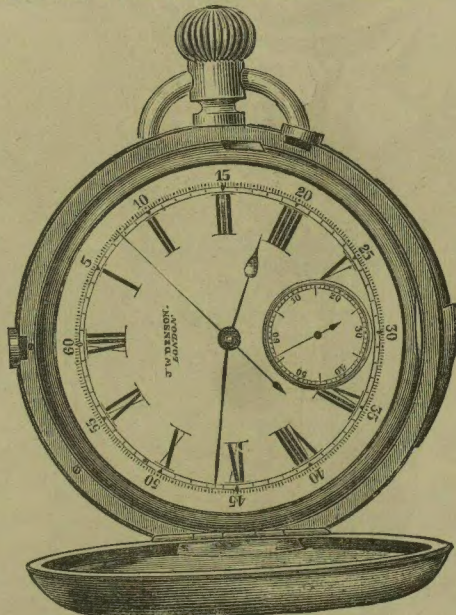
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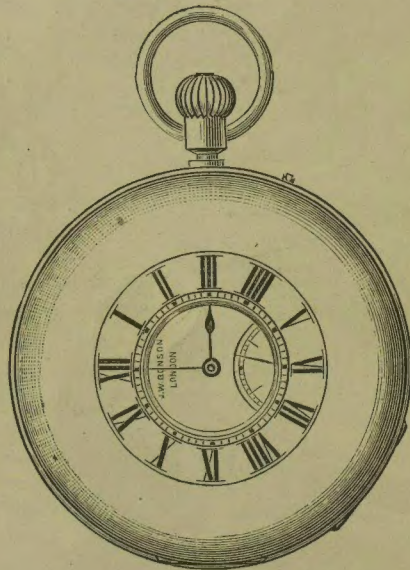
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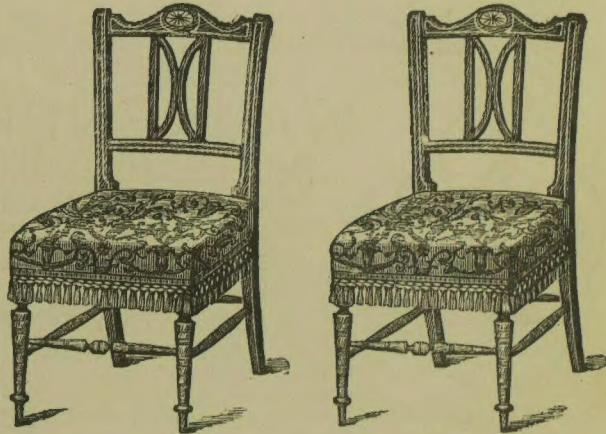
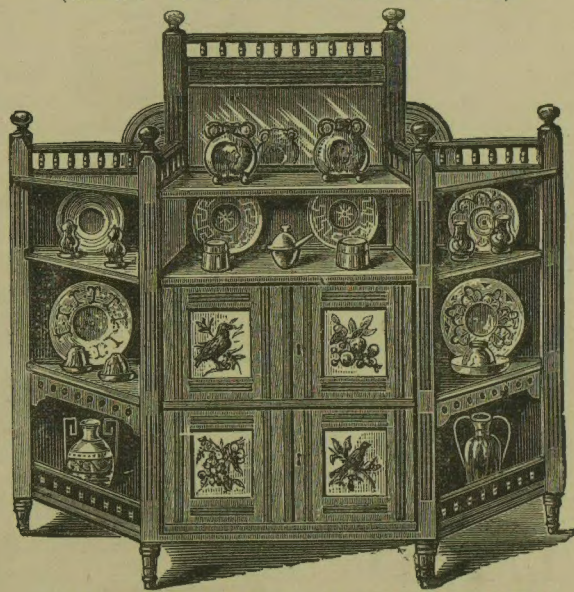
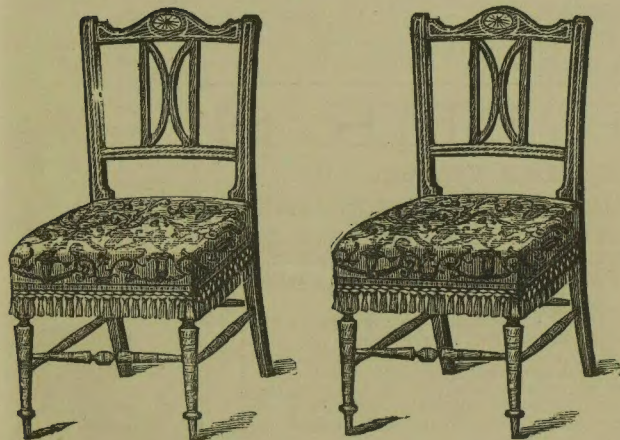
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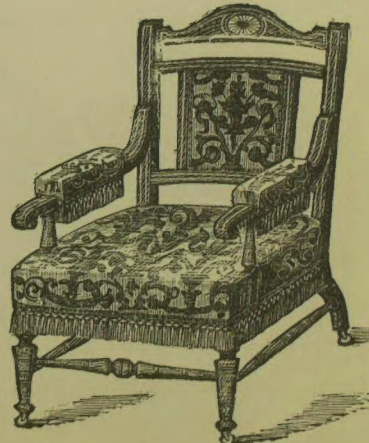
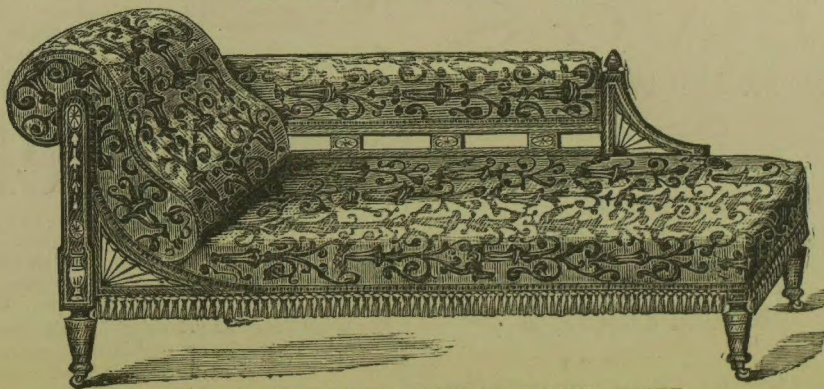
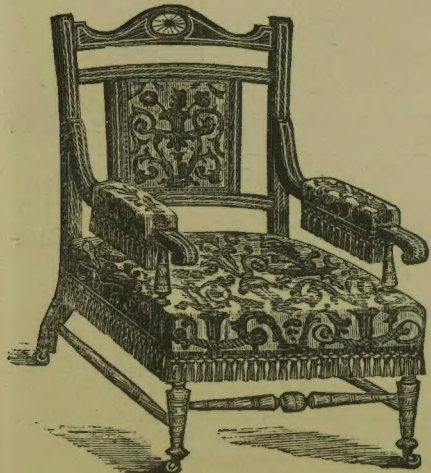
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